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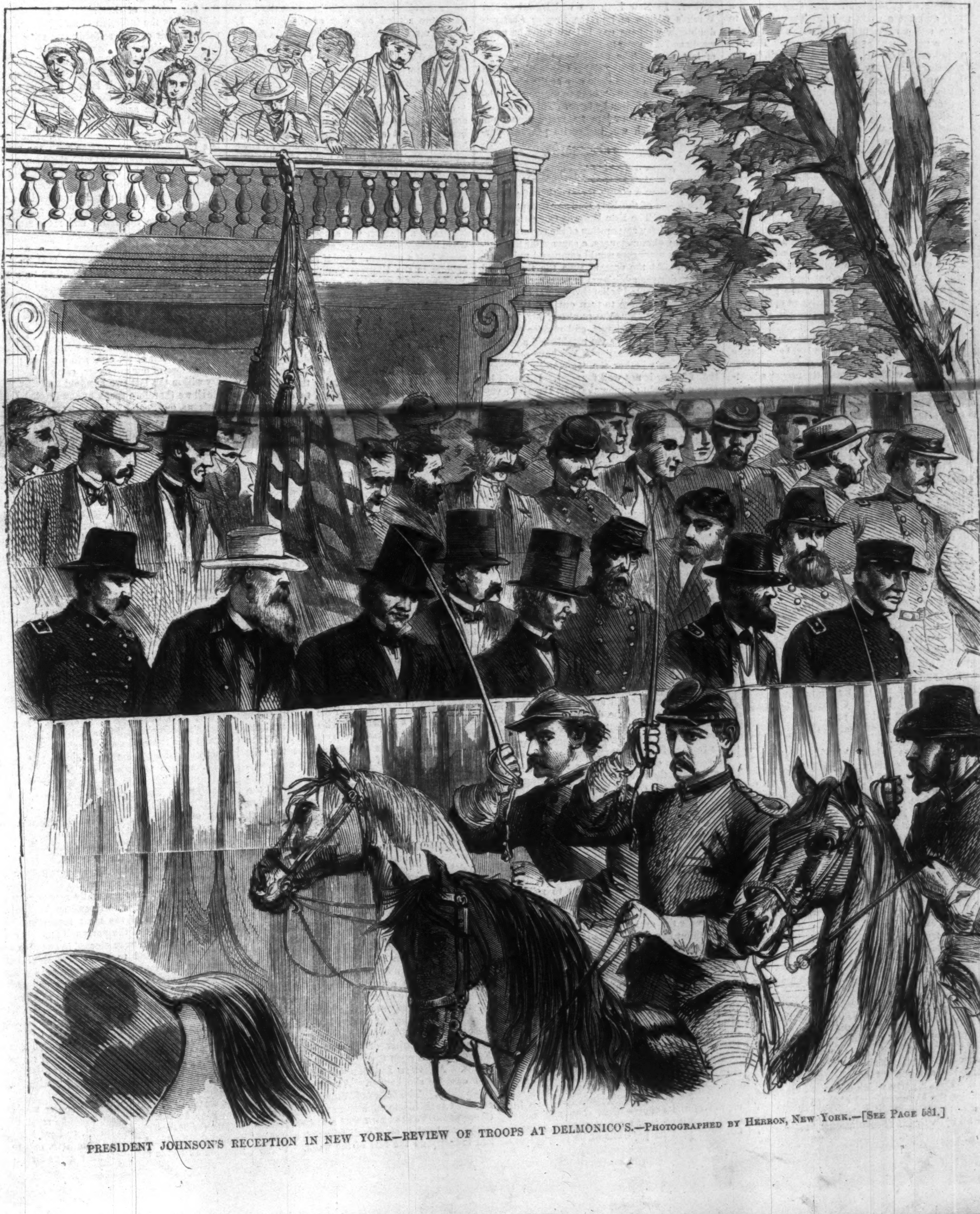


PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK—REVIEW OF TROOPS AT DELMONICO'S.—Photographed by Herron, New York.—[See Page 581.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

THE VITAL POINT.

THE *Evening Post* is of opinion that if the Union party does not nominate for Congress men who will vote for the immediate admission of representatives from all the late insurgent States it will inevitably be defeated, and ought to be. This is also the platform of the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention; and the *Post*, like the Convention, assumes that the mass of the people are of the same opinion.

The elections will undeceive both. The people, who have been seeing and feeling for five years, who have endured, at such vast expense of every kind, so tremendous a war, are not, as an energetic Yankee remarked, "a darned fool." They have the most earnest desire, undoubtedly, for reunion, and they have the most decided purpose of obtaining it. But they propose a real and not a sham union. They intend to have union upon principles which will make union permanent and peace secure. The demand of the *Post* is, that States which, by the measures necessary to repress their rebellion, have gained twelve representatives shall be admitted to Congress before this injustice is adjusted, and that the country shall take the risk of their consenting to rectify it and limit their political power when they are beyond the national control in the matter.

We believe rather that the people who have required of these States, as conditions of their restoration, that they shall revoke their acts of Secession, repudiate their military debt, and accept the amendment of emancipation, will also require that they shall not have gained political power by accepting it. It is a perfectly plain matter. There is no reason whatever why the States in question should be consulted about one part of the amendment, for such it really is, when they were not consulted about the other; and to suppose that the people do not see that they spare themselves a continuous and perilous agitation by settling the question now, is to accuse the intelligence which they have constantly shown during the war. The *Post* should remember that the loyal population and representatives from the disturbed States are perfectly willing to await the proper adjustment of this difficulty, and that the eagerness of Mayor MONROE and his friends, and of the Democratic party and its adherents, that "loyal representatives" should be immediately admitted, does not proceed from a high determination to right this wrong when they are admitted, but from a desire to turn it to their own advantage.

Moreover, it seems to us hardly permissible for a supporter of the President's policy, like the *Post*, to speak of the "mixed, incongruous, absurd" projects of Congress. Congress has a perfectly intelligent principle of action and a defined policy. It holds that conditions may be required, and it states the conditions which it deems essential. The President holds that the insurgent States have never lost their equal rights in the Union, while he deliberately sets every one of them aside. A more utterly illogical and inconsistent position than the President's it is not possible to conceive. And the *Post* is curiously confused when it denies to the supporters of Congress the right to condemn the President's course in Louisiana. They cite it as a most melancholy and disastrous illustration of his totally "mixed, incongruous, absurd" view of the situation. They assert, and unanswerably, that on his own ground he had no right to interfere except upon the demand of the Governor; but if he had the right he had the power to save every drop of innocent blood that was shed, and declined to exercise it.

The leading minds of the Union party are, as the *Post* truly alleges, in favor of impartial suffrage in this country as the guarantee of permanent peace. But they are desirous of obtaining that guarantee in the most reasonable manner. Mr. SUMNER and Mr. STEVENS would impose it as a condition of readmission, and Mr. SUMNER'S proposition obtained three votes besides his own in a radical Senate. That fact shows that Congress was not of the opinion that the method of those gentlemen was the wisest method. It surely does not prove that Congress differs upon the importance of the end itself.

The *Post* further charges that the Union party is trying to carry the elections by force of excitement. Yet it is perfectly aware that Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and the *World*, and the late rebel press at the South, and the other orators and papers of the Democratic party distinctly declare that if they do not succeed there will be a more terrible war, and a war of neighborhoods; while the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention directly encourages the resistance of the late insurgent States to a popular verdict which should decide to require them to ratify the amendment equalizing representation. Does a party which does not hesitate to conduct the Congressional election this year, as it did the Presidential election of 1860, under an open threat of revolutionary resistance, appear to the *Post* innocent of using the "force of excitement" as compared with a party which points to the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans as proofs of the real condition of lately insurgent States that claim increased power in the Union?

The *Post* is certainly right in urging the necessity of the speediest reunion, but the method is the very vital question of the situation; and such, we believe, the elections will prove to be the opinion of the people. From the West, in which the *Post* learns that Union candidates for Congress are being selected for their readiness to conform to the President's present declarations, we hear very different accounts. Our friends are confident of carrying Missouri by 25,000 or 30,000 majority. They count upon 40,000 majority for LOGAN in Illinois. From the East we shall soon hear. In Pennsylvania the Philadelphia coalition is making the most strenuous efforts to elect Mr. CLYMER, who belongs to the school of VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, and WOOD; but the Union men are jubilant over their prospect of an increased majority. In New York the withdrawal of Mr. WEED'S friends and of the *Evening Post* undoubtedly weakens us; but we must be sadly weakened if we are to lose our 28,000 majority of last year. The politicians had their way at the RANDALL Philadelphia Convention. But the people will have their way at the elections. Two years ago they decided to prevent the dissolution of the Union by force. This year they will decide to complete its restoration upon principles which will insure its peaceful permanence.

THE ERIE ELECTION.

IN less than a month the election of a Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company will take place. The Erie Railway Company is the leading railway corporation of the country, and, under any circumstances, a canvass for the election of its managers would command public attention. At the present time the threatened contest derives additional importance from the generally accepted belief that a party of wealthy speculators propose to turn out Mr. BERDELL, Mr. GREGORY, Mr. VANDERBILT, Mr. DANIEL DREW, and their friends, and replace them by men who have not as yet established a reputation as railway managers. We have no means of knowing whether the "generally accepted belief" is or is not well founded. It is said by men who ought to know that Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD, of the firm of CLARKE, DODGE, & Co., aspires to become President of the road, and to institute various improvements upon its past management. This may or may not be the case. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD has undertaken any thing of the kind, he is not likely either to let the public know his intentions prematurely, or to fail in his purposes for want of energy or capital. But the story may be a mere invention got up by Bull speculators in Erie in order to induce the public to buy the stock.

On the one hand, it is clear that, to secure the control of the Erie Railway Company, the possession of over $15,000,000 of stock, costing at present prices about $11,500,000, would be essential, and in the present condition of the concern it is questioned by sound men whether any Wall Street party, commanding so much money as this, would be likely to possess so little prudence as to adventure their means in so rash a speculation. But, on the other hand, it is argued that the Erie Railway Company is an enterprise of the future; that its capacities have never been fairly tested; that in fact it has never been finished; that all its troubles have arisen from the inadequacy of its capital, and attempts—renewed under each successive direction—to supply the deficiency out of current earnings; and that if a new set of men, imbued with new ideas, and forecasting the true future of this great enterprise, were to lay the real state of the case before the public, and to announce their intention of increasing from time to time the capital in stock and bonds, if need be, to even $100,000,000, they would restore public confidence in Erie, and the stock might be saved from the decline which has been so confidently predicted.

The contest, if contest there prove to be, will be one of financial giants. Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD is understood to wield his millions; Mr. DANIEL DREW has been known to raise ten millions in a single day without borrowing a dollar. He and Mr. VANDERBILT could take and pay for the entire capital of the Erie Railway without hypothecating a share. If, therefore, they are turned out, it will be because they so choose.

So far as Mr. DREW is concerned, it is an open question among his friends whether he should remain in the direction of the Erie. He has been for years the back-bone of the concern. He hardly ever fails to devote an hour or two each day to the active management of the road. Fair weather and foul, his carriage is to be seen at the foot of Duane Street every morning. And there never has been a time these ten years that the Company has not owed him money. So utterly inadequate has been the capital of the concern that, time and again, even when it seemed most prosperous, it could not have paid its pay-rolls or its coupons—to say nothing of dividends—without borrowing money, and that money it has always borrowed of Mr. DREW—because no one else would lend it. To DANIEL DREW, in fact, is due the credit of having built up and supported this great enterprise; and hereafter, when the Erie emerges from its troubles, and takes its place among the established dividend-paying railways of the country, he will be recognized as its real founder. So far, however, from receiving any credit for what he has done for the Company, the stock never falls but some of the papers accuse him of depressing it to serve his private purposes, and abuse him as though he had been the chief enemy instead of the stanchest friend of the concern. His friends naturally feel irritated at such injustice. If Mr. DREW is to be set down as an enemy of the Erie Railway Company, that concern should stop borrowing money of him, and should pay him what they owe already. If he is a friend of the Company, his co-directors ought not, in common decency, to set the papers hounding after him with charges which they know to be as absurd as they are unjust. It is high time that the question were settled one way or the other. If Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD will agree to do for the Erie Company what Mr. DREW has done, we have no doubt that Mr. DREW'S friends will advise him to retire from the direction, and relieve himself of a thankless and most expensive duty.

Some of Mr. DREW'S colleagues, it is said, are not quite willing to be turned out of their berths without a contest. They are said to have bought a considerable amount of stock within a few days. In the hands of a judicious man a share in the management of the Erie Railway is valuable. No salary is attached to the office, but, strange to say, every smart man who has been a Director in the Erie for a few years has grown rich. The late President, Mr. NATHANIEL MARSH, was a newspaper reporter when he became Secretary of the Erie; he died worth half a million. And if the lists of stockholders in the Express Companies which pay dividends of 5 @ 20 per cent. a quarter could be published, a goodly proportion of the names would be found to be identical with those of Erie directors. On a road which is not completed, and on which from one to five millions should be spent each year; which employs 5000 men; which spends in ordinary running expenses nearly ten millions a year, or $33,000 a day; it is a very comfortable thing to have a voice in the general direction, to control contracts and bargains, and purchases of labor and supplies. A man of commanding mind, in the Presidency of the Erie, would be the leading railway official in the United States. We shall see, in the course of a month, upon whose shoulders the mantle will fall.

THE LABOR CONVENTION.

THE proceedings of the late Labor Convention in Baltimore were in many respects extremely wise. The delegates were all naturally in favor of a law limiting a day's work to eight hours, and pledged themselves to an earnest and devoted agitation to that end. If such a law can be framed which shall be equitable in its operations for all concerned, it will be an admirable reform; and the discussion proposed will certainly test the feasibility of the proposition. The resolution favoring the speedy restoration of the agricultural interests of the Southern States and wisely aiding and elevating the laboring classes is truly sagacious and patriotic. The interests of labor every where are identical. Wherever and by whatever means labor is dishonored in the person of the laboring man, a blow is struck at the national welfare. The expression of sympathy with the sewing women; the protest against the vile tenement houses of the cities; the recommendation of the formation of Mechanics' Institutes and Libraries; to demand that the public domain be disposed of to actual settlers only; the suggestion that working men in want of employment settle upon the public lands; and the condemnation of "strikes" are all timely and judicious. All these resolutions show the thoughtfulness and the good sense of the delegates.

But there is a question which seems not to have occurred to the Convention which is well worthy of consideration. The tendency of the assembly, and of the third resolution, declaring it the imperative duty of every working man to connect himself with his labor organization, is to the recognition and indeed creation of a special class known as working men. Is such a tendency in this country wise, or is it even practicable? We are all laboring men. Fortunes are constantly accumulating and dispersing. The poor boy of to-day is the father of the capitalist of to-morrow, and the grandfather or great-grandfather of the poor boy again. Every career is open to every man and to every talent. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a flatboatman and country shopkeeper. ANDREW JOHNSON was a tailor. The father of WILLIAM B. ASTOR came to seek his fortune from Germany, and Commodore VANDERBILT was a Staten Island skipper. Luck is equally distributed, sagacity and industry do the rest of the work. When then does a man among us, where there is no political or legal or social recognition of classes as in Europe, cease to be a working man? When is he to be denounced as a capitalist, and therefore opposed to labor and the laborer?

A man who lives by his daily wages often looks with bitter eyes upon another who lives in a spacious house and drives a handsome carriage. But let him reflect. What is he himself doing? He is claiming that all his faculties shall be left perfectly free, and he is trying, by turning them to the best account, to lay up a little part of his wages to get ahead. In other words, he is trying to do fairly and squarely what his neighbor has already fairly and squarely done. He is working for his own interest as zealously as he can, and his neighbor did and does no more. If the law hinders him and helps any other man he has an undoubted right to demand that the injustice be corrected. But if the superior sagacity and industry of his neighbor have advanced him more rapidly, then a law to prevent his neighbor's enjoyment of the fair results of that superior industry and skill is only the infliction of an injustice. If a man uses his capital selfishly and meanly, undoubtedly other men have a right to combine fairly to defeat his selfish and mean intentions. But that is not a class distinction between capitalists and laborers, it is only the just thwarting of selfish men by those who are not so. A farmer may be as mean to the hand he hires for a day's mowing as the wholesale grocer to the farmer whose produce he buys. The farmer is a capitalist in comparison with the mower, and the grocer compared with the farmer. But is the mower the only laboring man of the three? If the grocer be generous and the farmer mean, would not the mower be a very foolish fellow to join the farmer against the grocer because the latter had more money or capital?

To denounce capital, therefore, as naturally opposed to labor, or to assume that, in a perfectly free country where every man must work for his living, there is a class which can be defined as the laboring class, seems to be a misapprehension. It is akin to the political folly of speaking of certain persons among us as "our Irish fellow-citizens." The truth is, they are Americans or they are not our fellow-citizens. All of us, either in our own persons or in those of our ancestors, came to the country within the last two hundred and fifty years. Shall we therefore speak of our English fellow-citizens, our Scotch fellow-citizens, our German fellow-citizens, our Welsh, and French fellow-citizens? Certainly not. We are all Americans, and we are all working men. And as the term "Irish fellow-citizens" is always used with an ulterior motive, and necessarily tends to a dangerous political classification of the whole population by races; so the term "laboring man" or "working man," as the expression of a class, immediately excites suspicion. Against the rights of classes of every kind our whole system is a protest. For it is founded upon the equal rights of men, and not the conflicting claims of classes of men.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL UNION COMMITTEE.

MR. HENRY J. RAYMOND ought certainly to have resigned the Chairmanship of the National Union Committee appointed at Baltimore in June, 1864, when he united himself with the RANDALL Convention at Philadelphia. He has zealously striven to show that the latter was a Convention which the supporters of the Baltimore action might properly attend. But he forgets that in the call to appoint delegates to it from this State those who supported a Congress elected by the friends of the Baltimore platform were excluded; and he also forgets that the Philadelphia Convention was not favored by the Union press or by the co-operation of the regular organization of the Union party of the country. Does Mr. RAYMOND mean to be the twelfth juryman who complained of the obstinacy of the other eleven?

On the other hand, the Convention of Southern Unionists was heartily approved by the various State organizations of the Union party. The Union Governors generally requested the Senators of the States to attend as delegates. Large delegations of the most representative men in every State of the party which made the Baltimore Platform were elected in counties or otherwise accredited to the Convention. It was as formally and warmly recognized by the regular organization of the Union party as it possibly could be, yet Mr. RAYMOND as Chairman of the National Committee of the party calls a meeting of that body to assemble in New York at the very day and hour at which the Convention was to meet in Philadelphia; and he did this, moreover, after several members of the Committee had asked their brethren to meet in Philadelphia to fraternize with the Convention of Southern Unionists.

It seems to us that the proper course would have been for Mr. RAYMOND, when he resolved to join the RANDALL movement, to have summoned the National Union Committee, and to have stated to the members his reasons for be-

lieving that the true policy of the party was to unite with Mr. RANDALL'S club. If the Committee agreed, it would have officially summoned the party to send delegates to the RANDALL Convention. If it did not agree, Mr. RAYMOND and those who sympathized with him should have resigned. That Mr. RAYMOND did not assemble the Committee proves very strongly that he did not believe it would approve the RANDALL movement. That he did not assemble it, and yet did not resign but summoned a meeting in New York on the day when the regular organization of the party throughout the country had taken measures to have the party by every authoritative means represented in Philadelphia, proves very strongly that he was not unwilling to distract and perplex the party to which he owed his position.

THE END OF THE EMPIRE IN MEXICO.

THE departure of the Empress CARLOTTA from Mexico was a very suspicious sign for the empire of the Austrian Archduke in that country. Monarchs do not send their wives upon political missions thousands of miles over the ocean except in extreme emergencies, and emergencies which they fear may be fatal. There can be no doubt of the truth of the rumor that the Empress went to France to tell LOUIS NAPOLEON that the Mexican adventure must fail unless he came to the rescue, and as little doubt that she was told that MAXIMILIAN must now trust to his own resources. It is tolerably clear that the amiable young man has been duped. He was a pawn which can no longer be played with advantage, and he will be swept from the board.

Indeed, from the moment that our war ended it must have been evident to LOUIS NAPOLEON that unless he could satisfactorily show to this country that MAXIMILIAN was the honest choice and an empire the sincere preference of the Mexican people, he could maintain himself in that country only at the risk of war. But while the French troops remained the proof could not be furnished. The fact was apparent that the so-called empire was merely forcible French occupation, and the Emperor an Austrian archduke, supported not by the consent of the Mexicans, but by French bayonets. This aspect of the situation has never changed, and when LOUIS NAPOLEON, after dire delays and fine phrases, promised to withdraw his troops, MAXIMILIAN'S throne began to totter. The Archduke himself can not be expected to remain after the departure of the French, and the painful course of Mexican history will be resumed.

That it will seriously affect the policy of this country is not to be anticipated. Long and sad experience has taught American citizens the perils of all moneyed adventures in Mexico, and the permanence of the empire has never been supposed possible. The internal confusion of the country, however deplorable it may be, will therefore not directly affect us, unless a request for interference or aid should be made to our Government. But the demand for foreign interference has usually proceeded from the Tory or Church party, not from the Liberals. The most the latter would ask of us would be a loan, the granting of which is not probable.

The fate of Mexico is most melancholy. Apparently destitute of native energy to establish order and peaceful industry, the government of the country has the form of a republic without the popular intelligence and moderation which make a republic possible or desirable. On the other hand, the monarchical traditions are destroyed. There is no royal family whose name and associations awaken sentiments of loyalty; and a monarchy must therefore be necessarily a pure military despotism. Neither has Mexico yet produced any leader of such force and intelligence as to rally the people to his standard, or command the confidence of the world, as the hope of order and progress in the country. And to complicate and prolong the tragical situation, the Tory Church party, resisting all efforts to be dispossessed of its property, maintains the baleful power of superstition amidst an ignorant population.

We can only await inevitable events in Mexico, therefore, with the conviction that the fall of the futile empire of MAXIMILIAN will not bring repose or relief to the unhappy country. But at least we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the action of our Government has not prevented the clear perception of the fact that the French Empire in Mexico was not the desire of the Mexican people.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A CONGRESS chosen by remarkable unanimity and by every Constitutional form, thoroughly representative of the intelligent patriotism which conducted the war to a successful issue, and which will wisely settle the questions it has left, is deliberately described by the President in these words: "We have seen hanging upon the verge of the Government, as it were, a body called, or which assumes to be, the Congress of the United States, but in fact a Congress of only part of the States."

If this be true, every measure of the present Congress is invalid, and the whole national legislation since the acts of secession five years ago is equally so, for the Congress of the war was, "in fact, a Congress of only part of the States." If the absence of a State, or of a combination of States, from Congress destroys the validity of its action, the Union is at the mercy of any State. But if the voluntary withdrawal of States from Congress in order to make war upon the Union does not destroy its authority, the enforced absence of such States until the national security is provided for can not affect that authority.

But if the President's assumption be correct he condemns himself mercilessly. For he has not hesitated to acknowledge this same Congress as lawful, and to co-operate with it for eight months. He now charges that "its every step and act tended to perpetuate disunion and make a disruption of the States inevitable." Yet on the 27th of March of this year he said to the upper branch of the body "assuming to be Congress" these words: "I now return the bill to the Senate and regret that in considering the bills and joint resolutions—forty-two in number—which have thus far been submitted to my approval, I am compelled to withhold my assent from a second measure that has received the sanction of both Houses of Congress." If it was not a valid Congress why did he recognize it as such? If all its measures were revolutionary why did he congratulate himself upon differing upon two only out of forty-two? What has happened since the 27th of March to convert these Houses, whose authority the President gladly acknowledged, into a body hanging upon the verge of the Government and assuming to be a Congress?

Whatever the explanation may be, it is obvious that the President has made it very difficult for him to recognize the body to which he thus denies all validity as the Congress of the United States. If it is now merely hanging upon the verge of the Government and falsely assuming to be a lawful body, it will be in precisely the same condition next December. Will the President then follow the advice of the Chicago *Times*, which supported the late rebellion, and of the other organs of the late rebels, and sweep the assuming body out of the Capitol?

THE TWO EUROPEAN GAMESTERS.

[illegible] of M. THIERS in France are valuable for their shrewd opposition and remorseless exposure of the designs of LOUIS NAPOLEON, but their own views are scarcely less selfish and narrow than his. Before the late war M. THIERS made what he called a last effort for peace, in which he maintained the necessity of defending the treaties of 1815, to which LOUIS NAPOLEON has never concealed his hostility. These treaties were a reactionary settlement of the wars of the beginning of the century. They were founded neither upon reason nor justice, but simply upon the fact that Europe was prostrate and exhausted. They made the most forced and unnatural combinations and alliances, from which it was evident that Europe, with returning vigor, would recoil. How completely she has done so is shown by the astonishing results of a campaign of a fortnight which has remodeled Europe.

M. THIERS contended that these treaties divided the political power of Europe, and that "unification," or the restoration of nationalities, would endanger France. The true French policy, in his view, was to hold Austria in Italy and to keep Germany divided. The liberal and national aspiration of Italy and Germany must be repressed in order to maintain the supremacy of France in Europe. M. THIERS was therefore in the extraordinary position of wishing LOUIS NAPOLEON and France to defend the treaties of 1815, which were made to humiliate LOUIS NAPOLEON'S uncle and to circumscribe France. Fortunately this narrow policy did not prevail, and by the victory of Prussia the cause of Constitutional liberty in Central Europe has made memorable progress.

It was not, however, from any such consideration that LOUIS NAPOLEON opposed M. THIERS'S plan of maintaining the map as it was. His object was twofold: to legitimate his dynasty by destroying the settlement which outlawed it, and to celebrate its vindication by an offering to "the glory" of France in an enlarged empire. It is therefore most probable that he did propose, as was reported by the ocean telegraph and is now confirmed by fuller information, to "rectify the boundaries of France." It is not less evident that his proposal was received with opposition by Prussia, and has been since withdrawn. Has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in BISMARCK, or is this demand and surprise and withdrawal merely part of the understanding between them? These are questions that can not yet be answered. But we have little faith in any preconcerted arrangement by which LOUIS NAPOLEON is to appear to be humiliated. Undoubtedly if he has really made the demand he has done so at an unfortunate moment for himself, because Austria is prostrate. It may be true that before the war he held the balance, for Prussia might well have hesitated if she saw Austria and France allied. But after the terrible defeat Austria is, for the present, eliminated from the situation, and the question is simply between Prussia and France. Neither, probably, wishes to make war upon the other. But should LOUIS NAPOLEON take up arms it will be for conquest and dominion—a war with no reasonable pretense, and without the sympathy or approval of any other power. The question becomes very significant, has LOUIS NAPOLEON found his match in Count BISMARCK?

TWO TRAVELERS.

I.

A MAN passed over the road
In the early days of spring,
When the grandest flower that ever bloomed
Was brightly blossoming.

And never a word he spoke,
And his face was marble-cold,
But millions of men above him wept,
And a million bells were toll'd.

And the cities were draped in black,
And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
"For he is dead," the people said,
"Who made the flower to bloom."

Down many a swarthy face
Unnumbered tear-drops flowed,
"For he is gone"—the bondman spoke—
"Who lifted our weary load."

And they builded him a tomb
Afar in the silent West,
And that beautiful flower which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast.

II.

A man passed over the road
Ere the summer days were dead,
And the leaves of the flower that bloomed in spring
He trampled with ruthless tread.

And many a word he spoke,
And his arrogant face was flushed;
And he laughed aloud with the noisy crowd
When the leaves of the flower were crushed.

But down many a swarthy face
Flowed tears of bitterest pain,
"For he is come"—the bondman spoke—
"To forge our chains again."

He must seek the tomb some time
Afar in the silent West,
But will ever the flower which men call Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast?

NERVOUS DISEASES.

WHILE most men are hardly aware that they have any nerves—with so little of disturbance are their functions performed—nervous diseases form a large part of the complaints of females. So palpable is this difference, that it is very common to say of any man whose nervous system has become deranged that he is as nervous as a woman. There is one nervous malady—hysteria—in regard to which this difference is peculiarly marked. It has been commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the female, but it sometimes, though very seldom, appears in the other sex.

What, now, is the reason of this difference? The nervous system is the same in the two sexes, and its functions are performed in the same manner. But there is a difference in general character. The nervous system of the female is more mobile or excitable, and is therefore more readily made the seat of morbid irritation by causes that tend to derange it.

Here, then, we have one cause; but it obviously is not competent alone to produce the whole result. There must be some other causes, and these we will indicate.

The susceptible nervous system of the female is acted upon by some causes that do not act in the other sex, at least to any thing like the same extent. There are influences in her case of a peculiar character, from the prevalent modes of training and habits of life. These tend, especially in fashionable life, to give passion and sense the supremacy over reason, and to produce a factitious and morbid sensibility. A series of unnatural excitements fills up a large portion of the time, beginning even in the school-day life, and reaching its consummation when the period of full introduction into society comes. And the effect is enhanced by the unnecessarily wearisome and unpractical exercises of the school-room; for the mind has failed to get wholesome food, and thus has lost its natural appetite, and is therefore ready for all the unnatural and unhealthy excitements which the fashionable world and its literary exponent, the trashy novel, can afford. We know of no better exposition of the tendency of the common mode of female education than is found in the fact that in most cases, after school-life is ended, the reading of novels furnishes the almost entire food for the mind, which is as irrational and injurious as it would be to feed the body with nothing but confectionery. Let education be made what it should be, and the gratification of the natural tastes of the mind will prevent its being driven to seek excitement in what is unnatural and artificial. Not to dwell on this interesting point, we simply remark that the grand desideratum in instruction is to convey into the mind such knowledge, and in such a manner, that the pupil will in after-life of choice continue to acquire from books and observation similar knowledge, thus throwing novel-reading into the subordinate position in which it belongs.

The ideas which are instilled into the minds of daughters by most mothers in relation to the great objects of life, largely help to produce the nervous tendencies which we have indicated. Even those who are in the main conscientious are often guilty in some measure of a conformity to the fashionable world in this particular. Getting admiration, catching a beau, and by-and-by getting a husband—are not these the objects practically set before daughters by the vast majority of mothers? And what surer way of making a young lady nervous than having the excitement of such objects continually at work in her mind, together with novel-reading and turning night into day with late parties? No nervous system can long bear such an unnatural mode of life without suffering more or less of derangement.

Hysteria—that hydra-headed nervous malady—exhibits generally in its very character the agency of the influences which we have noticed. It has often stamped upon it moral characteristics derived from these influences. These are selfish caprice, a disposition to exact undue attention and even to assert control over others, and sometimes a fondness for exciting wonder and sympathy. The education that enervates, and pets, and allows sense and passion to overslaugh reason, is very apt to stamp these bad moral qualities upon nervous diseases, and in some cases they stand out with such prominence that their origin is unmistakable. Of course it will be inferred from what has been said that the treatment of hysteria must generally be to a great extent moral. Often one of the most decided means of breaking up the malady is to go firmly counter to the unreasonable demands of the patient. She is to be made to know that her will is by no means to be the law. Many a case has been unnecessarily prolonged by the injudicious fondness of mothers and friends acting in opposition to the firm course of the physician in this respect. But it is not our intention to enlarge on the treatment of hysteria, and what we have said in regard to it was for the purpose of enforcing our views in relation to some of its causes.

The hints which we have thus thrown out are enough to show that education—and we use this term in its widest sense, as including all influences outside as well as within the school-room—as it is commonly conducted, ministers largely to the production of nervous diseases, especially in females; and we hope that we shall not fail to waken up a proper attention to this subject in the minds of some mothers and teachers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONVENTION OF LOYALISTS AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Loyalist Convention met at Philadelphia September 3. A grand procession was formed in the morning to escort the Southern delegations to the Union League House. A speech welcoming the delegation was made by the chairman of the committee. Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, answered on behalf of the visitors, and then the Convention was called to order, the speaker using the identical gavel used in the South Carolina Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed.

There were only two or three colored delegates on the floor. Thomas J. Durant, of Louisiana, was elected Chairman. [illegible] appointed, and the Convention [illegible] meeting of the Northern Loyalists was held simultaneously with the Southern meeting, at the Union League House. Governor Curtin was elected Chairman, and a number of State Governors were made Vice-Presidents. Speeches were delivered in the evening by Henry Wilson, Horace Maynard, Colonel Stokes, and others.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

A band of desperadoes attacked and routed a negro camp-meeting at Shiply's Woods, near Baltimore, on the night of August 30. The negroes, it seems, were holding a camp-meeting under the auspices of white Methodist ministers, a white camp-meeting being in progress at the same time. During the day suspicious-looking young men were seen about the grounds, and at night the attack was made by firing among the negroes while they were at their devotions. The blacks resisted, and the fight became general, the darkness of course increasing the confusion. The fight finally ended by the negroes, at the advice of the white preachers, seeking safety in flight. The tents, bundles, and trunks belonging to them were then piled together and burned by the white assailants. One white man was killed and several negroes severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

August 29.

(LONDON.)—The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that the Empress Carlotta has so far succeeded in her mission in behalf of Maximilian as to obtain from the Emperor of France an extension of time in which to pay the French Government the ten millions of francs due.

Napoleon refused to loan to Maximilian ten millions of francs to pay for the equipment of troops in Mexico, but will assist in such equipment by furnishing material from the French magazines.

The Empress also obtained from Napoleon an extension of time, until next January, for the projected departure of the French troops from Mexico.

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has paid the indemnity for Prussia's war expenses, as secured to the latter Power by the treaty of peace.

(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The steamship *Hermann* sailed for New York to-day, taking £62,000 in specie.

(LIVERPOOL.)—The steamship *City of Boston* sailed to-day for New York, taking £50,000 in specie.

(CONSTANTINOPLE.)—Affairs in Turkey are in a very bad state. The revolt in Candia progresses. The inhabitants (Cretans) have asserted their independence of the Turkish Empire. Constantinople is announced in a state of siege.

August 31:

(LONDON.)—United States Five-Twenties are quoted at 73¼.

(MUNICH.)—The motion to close the union of Bavaria with Prussia was lost. The Chambers then adjourned, and will probably meet again in October.

September 1:

(LIVERPOOL.)—The Royal Mail Steamship *China* sailed to-day for Halifax and Boston, with £153,000 in gold for the United States.

September 2:

(HEART'S CONTENT.)—The cable of last year was picked up this (Sunday) morning at 4.40 o'clock, in 1800 fathoms of water, in latitude 51° 52′, longitude 36° 03′. The splice was made and the cable lowered at 7 A.M.

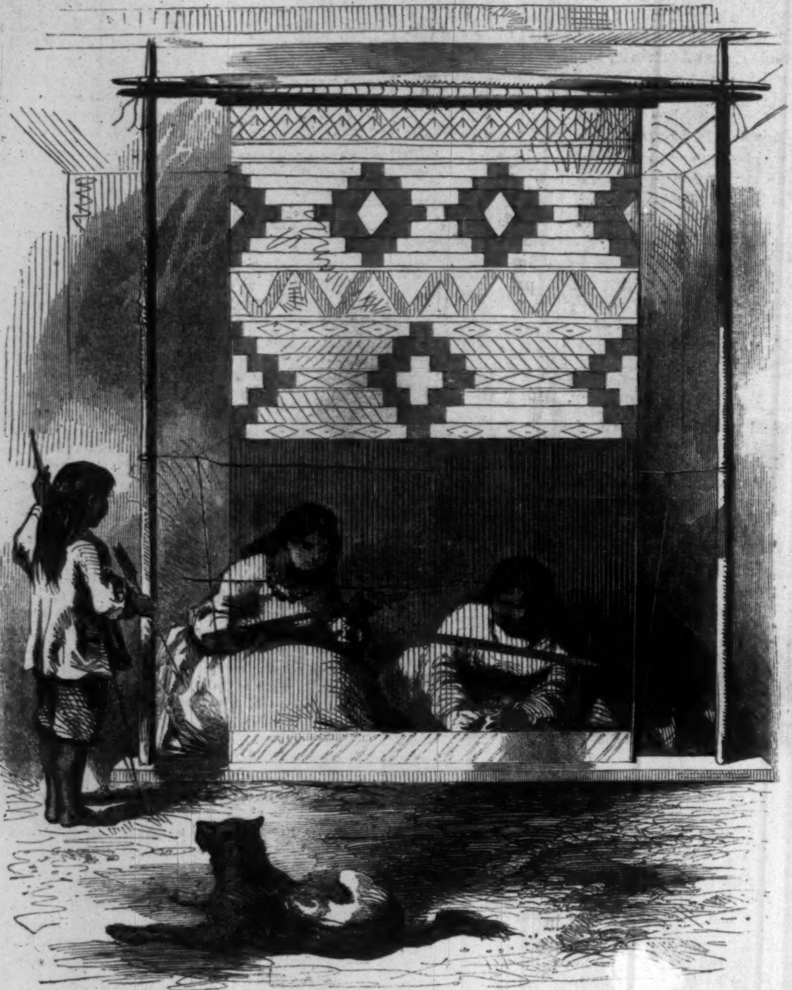
The *Great Eastern* is now 700 miles from here, paying out. Every thing is going on well, and they expect to reach here on Saturday next.

Signals are sent through the cable with perfect accuracy, and we are talking with the *Great Eastern* every moment, *via* Valentia, in Ireland.

(PARIS.)—M. Druyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned. The Marquis of Mouster (Montholon ?) succeeds him.

September 3:

(VIENNA.)—The Austrian Government has given orders for a reduction of the army to a peace footing, and the work has already commenced.



INDIAN SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

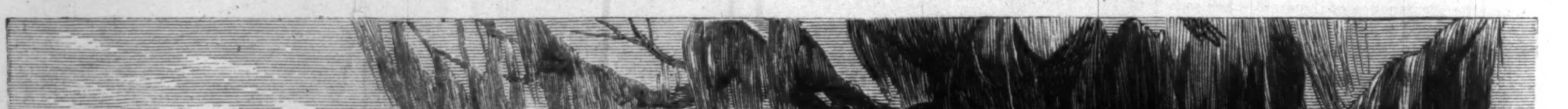
"OLD ABE"—EAGLE OF THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. CURTISS.]

SQUAWS WEAVING A BLANKET.

"MAXWELL, an old frontiersman," says our artist, has a ranch which it is the work of many days to inspect. This farm consists of a grant of forty miles square. MAXWELL'S sheep reach the number of nearly 30,000; cattle and ponies he has without any knowledge himself of their number. A tribe of "Utes," numbering about 600, are his chosen defenders. The ranch proper, or house, is inhabited by the most miscellaneous collection of man and beast and fowl that one can imagine. The servants are mostly Navajo Indians. Two of the squaws of this tribe have been engaged for months in weaving in their own peculiar style a blanket that is to be presented to the Secretary of the Interior. The Navajo blanket is an article more sought after than one would suppose. It sells readily, if a good one, for from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to its pattern or quality. They are so closely woven that water can be carried in them; and as a protection against the chill winds of the plains they are equal to the best fur robe."

"OLD ABE."

OUR engraving represents the standard borne in more than a score of battles by the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. Let not our readers imagine that this standard was simply the device for a flag, or a mere material image. "OLD ABE" was a genuine live eagle, which the standard-bearer of the regiment carried aloft, chained to his perch, into the hottest of the fight. When the battle raged most fiercely, and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that "OLD ABE" seemed to be in his own element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and, with head erect, faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no signs of fear. "OLD ABE" triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship to the emblem of a victorious Republic. Long may he live!—the favorite of his regiment. We hope "OLD ABE" is as intelligent as he looks to be—and if he is, we can wish him no brighter fortune than that he may survive the present disorganization of the republic, and see the return of a real and permanent Union.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—GATHERING MOSS ON BERWICK BAY, LOUISIANA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

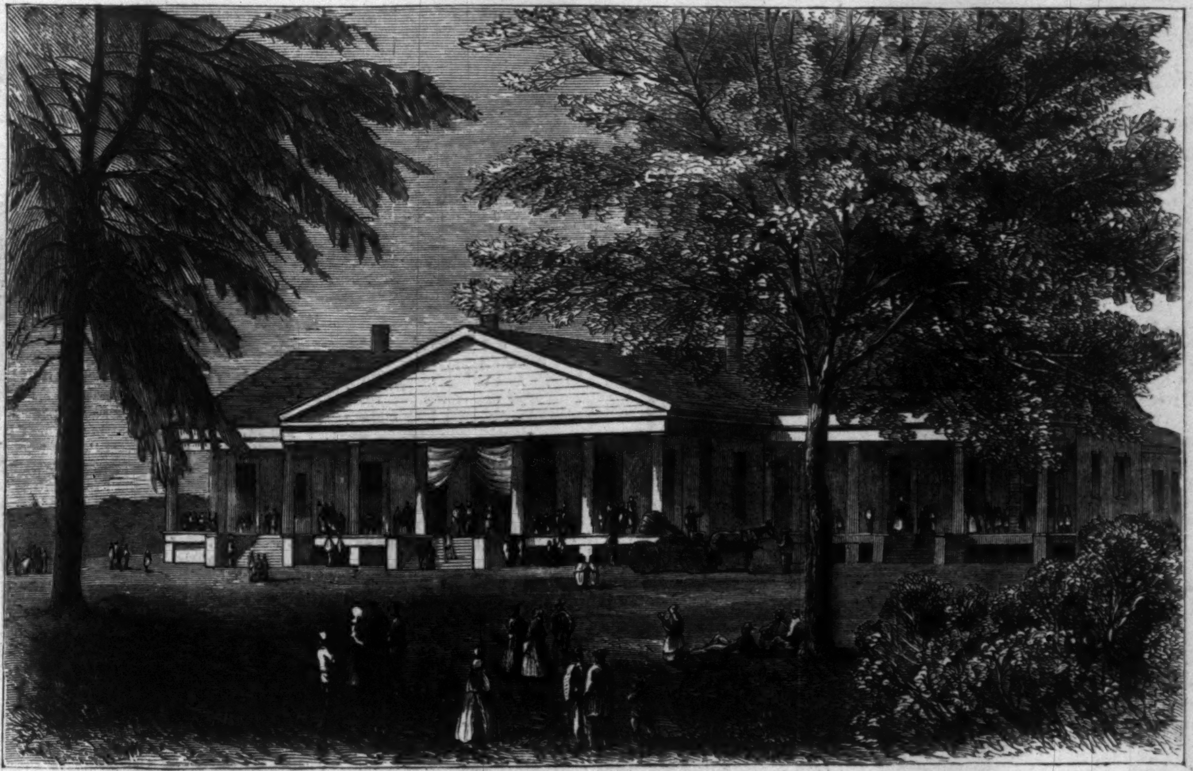
PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOSS GATHERERS ON BERWICK BAY.

THE Spanish moss, whose gray drapery hangs in heavy folds from all the trees in this section, is not without its uses. Floating in the shadows, as our sketch was made, some negroes were whiling away the noon hour and presenting a scene picturesque and peculiar as they loaded their outrigger-boats with the luxuriant parasite.—When gathered, it is dried in the sun, the negroes—and whites also, for that matter—using it for beds. When cured by immersion in boiling water it becomes an article of export to the North, where it is used to stuff cheap matresses, being for a time almost as soft and springy as horsehair. After it is cured and dried it loses its soft shadowy gray and becomes a dark brown.

JEFF DAVIS'S PLANTATION.

Of this plantation which is located in Mississippi, I have made two sketches, one representing the Mansion, and the other the Negro Quarters on the grounds. The Mansion is now used as a school-house by the freedmen. A. R. W.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MANSION IN MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

LAUNCH OF THE "MANITON" AT BOSTON.

THE United States gun-boat *Maniton*, which we illustrate on page 588, is rated as a second-class gun-boat. She was commenced two years ago from the designs of JOHN LENTHALL, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Construction, under the superintendence of WILLIAM H. HANSCOM, late constructor at the Boston Navy-yard, and was finished under the superintendence of EDWARD HARTT, Esq. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 290 feet; extreme length, 301 feet; breadth moulded, 40 feet 1 inch; extreme breadth, 41 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet 10 inches; tonnage, 2348 tons old, and 1448 new measurement. She will be bark rigged, and will have four MARTIN'S boilers 24 feet 4 inches long, two 60-inch cylinders, and be propelled by a 16 feet diameter four-bladed screw. Her armament, incorrectly stated in the *Navy Register* and copied from that into the daily journals, will consist of eight 9-inch guns broadside, and one 60-pound pivot rifled, mounted on the top-gallant forecastle.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

WE give on our first page and on pages 584 and 585 illustrations of President JOHNSON'S reception in this city and in Philadelphia.

In a speech made in this city Secretary SEWARD alludes humorously to the situation in which the President's party found Philadelphia. He says: "When we came to Philadelphia, the only city that had not tendered to the President of the United States its hospitalities in the expectation of his coming, we found a city that was disorganized and ungoverned. No Government there; no Common Council, no city authorities, and no police. We found a city so loyal, so peaceable, so earnest, so zealous for the cause of the national restoration and reconciliation, that every man was a law unto himself, and I said to myself, 'Blessed is that city that can dispense with a ruler.'" But notwithstanding the Mayor's absence and the direliction of the Common Council, the people of Philadelphia gave the President and his party an enthusiastic welcome. We illustrate on page 584 the scene upon the arrival of the President in front of the Continental Hotel.

It was in New York city, however, that the President received the most demonstrative ovation both from the city authorities and the people.

The party arrived in the city shortly after noon, August 29. The streets from the Battery were lined with an immense throng all along the route which the President was to take. His formal reception took place in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Of this we give an illustration on page 585. From the City Hall the party proceeded to DELMONICO'S, where the military passed in review before the President. Of this review an illustration is given on our first page. The following description of this affair is given in the New York *Times*:

President JOHNSON soon appeared upon the platform and occupied the seat prepared for him. He was speedily surrounded by his friends, both military and civil. Generals GRANT, MEADE, BUTTERFIELD, RAWLINS, Admiral FARRAGUT, Secretaries SEWARD and WELLES, Mayor HOFFMAN, Collector SMYTHE, and numerous other distinguished persons were present. The members of the Common Council and the heads of departments occupied the space in the rear of the Presidential party.

The head of the First Division soon entered the avenue from Thirteenth Street, and approached the reviewing stand. Major-General SANDFORD, accompanied by his staff and mounted escort, led the column. He was immediately followed by General SPICER, commanding the First Brigade. After paying the customary salute to the President, General SANDFORD dismounted, and ascending the platform, took his position beside the reviewing personage. The first regiment which passed the stand was the Second New York, commanded by Colonel REID. There were about 450 men in the ranks. They marched with platoon front, and made a most creditable appearance. The old Seventy-first Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel COLES, followed, winning applause from the spectators, both on and off the platform, by its soldierly appearance and steady marching. The Seventy-first had 450 men out. Colonel THOMAS LYNCH followed with the Seventy-seventh Regiment, numbering 300 men. Colonel WILLIAM LYNCH brought up the rear of the brigade with 400 men of the Ninety-ninth Regiment. There were two or three good bands of music with the brigade, each one of which turned out opposite the President and played martial airs until the regiment to which it belonged had passed. The Second Brigade, commanded by General BURGER, was the next in order. The General led the way with his staff, closely followed by the Third Regiment (BENDIX Zouaves), numbering 400 men. This regiment looked and marched remarkably well, winning a complimentary remark from General GRANT. The Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel MEYER commanding, also looked well. Its ranks were more than usually full, there being nearly 600 men under arms. The Sixth, Colonel MASON, 250 men; the Twelfth, Colonel WARD, 350 men; the Eighty-fourth, Colonel CONKLING, 400 men; and the Ninetieth, Colonel KREHBIEL, 400 men, completed this brigade. The First Artillery is attached to the Second Brigade, but portions of it were on detached service, firing salutes and performing escort duty. The brigade appeared in excellent condition, and was greeted with much applause. General HALL'S brigade, comprising the First, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-fifth Regiments, was unquestionably the favorite one of the four. The Seventh, Col. CLARK, paraded about 700 men, and sustained its well-earned reputation for marching and soldierly appearance. The Fifty-fifth, Colonel LE GAL, also did well, and attracted much attention. Of the other regiments the only noticeable one was the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This is a fine hardy body of men, who marched with the instinct of old soldiers, and looked well.

In the evening the party with invited guests sat down to one of the most sumptuous banquets ever provided on this continent. The expense of the dinner has been estimated at $25,000, the burden of which, we understand, was borne by A. T. STEWART, Esq. About 250 persons sat down to the table. After dinner the President made a long speech in support of his policy. After expressing his gratitude for the reception which had been given him, he alluded to the part taken by the several departments of the Government in the restoration of the Union. He paid a passing tribute to GRANT and FARRAGUT for their victories by land and sea. He spoke of what he had himself done in the work of restoring the Union. He then charged Congress with being in favor of disunion. "There is," said the President, "a department of your Government which has practically assumed and declared, and up to the present time carried out, that the Government was dissolved and the States were out of the Union. We," he added, "who contend for the opposite doctrine, years ago contended that States had not the right even peaceably to secede; and one means of peaceable secession was by a State withdrawing its representatives from the Congress of the United States, and that would be practical dissolution of the Union. We denied that a State had any such right, and when, subsequently, they attempted to withdraw, we again asserted that they had no such right; and now, when the doctrine has been forcibly established, that a State has no right to leave the Union, and when the States are again resuming their relations with the Federal Government, as far as in them lies, we find that when they seek to have their representatives admitted to Congress there are men in that body, who, in violation of our great charter of liberty, deny their right to be represented, and refuse to admit their representatives into the Congress of the United States.....................
..................Are we prepared to renew those scenes through which we have just passed? Are we prepared again to see one portion of this country arrayed in deadly conflict against another portion, as we have just seen them arrayed? Or, shall we not make every effort to have all the parts and all the people of the country again united in harmony and brotherly affection?" He said he did not want to let the Southern States back into the Union degraded and debased. They would not be fit to form a part of this great American family.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—NEGRO QUARTERS ON JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLANTATION.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

THE RIVER.

THE river flows through the populous town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
Like sentinels standing on either side,
And frowning there on the sullen tide,
As the blackened waters pass on their way
In the silent night and the busy day.

From mountain torrents it takes its birth,
Where the cool spring bubbles from out the earth;
And on through the valley it winding flows
By banks where the silvery willow grows;
And wandering down to its weedy brink
The thirsty cattle come there to drink.

On and on in its course it glides,
Bearing along on its restless tides
A thousand sails with their precious weight
Of human souls and of costly freight,
And feeding, high up amid heated glooms,
A hundred factories' hungry looms.

On past village and hill and field,
Rich with the wealth of earth's broad yield,
It flows till it reaches the busy town,
Where the sombre houses look silently down,
And a shadow comes over its waters there
Till they gather dark that had flowed so fair.

Often I stand on the lonely pier,
As the silent hours of the night draw near,
And hark to the voice of the murmuring tide
As the blackened waters beneath me glide;
And watch the lights as they gleam and glow
In the chilly depths of the slip below.

And I think, as I stand in silence there,
Of the poor souls, mad with a wild despair,
Who have sought to drown where the waters flow
Their burden of sorrow and want and woe;
And I think, as its currents onward glide,
Of the guilt and sin that those cold waves hide.

Oh, winding river that takes its birth
From springs that bubble from out the earth,
And on through the bright vale, smiling, goes
Past village and hill and waving field,
Made rich by the wealth of the broad earth's yield!

To me you seem like a life begun
In sweet fields warm with the summer sun,
That on by pleasant and flowering ways
Passes through childhood's innocent days,
Till at last, where thy dark waves wander down,
It is lost in the sin of the shameless town.

And I think on my own life once so bright,
Of the joys that rendered my young heart light,
Of the dreams and hopes that I nurtured there,
Making the future seem all so fair;
And I grieve as I think, now those years are fled,
Of the golden hopes that have long been dead.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was gardening time now in earnest. The soft April sunshine began to warm the earth and to stir the heart of every leaf-bud on the trees; and the gentle showers that came dropping down every now and then seemed almost to have more power yet. The birds were all a-flutter with eagerness and expectation, peering in among the bare branches of some of the trees, and then betaking themselves to the well-clothed evergreens for house-room and shelter; the grass grew in the most wonderful way; and the blue violets stood with their eyes wide open, full of sweetness and content. In the garden—the large one which was under Robin's care—many things were already planted; peas, and such common things, as Lily said; and even the three little gardens began to show their pretty promise of sticks and labels, for some of the hardy seeds were already in the ground. "Argemone" was marked upon one label and "Hollyhock" upon another, and Prim had planted her sweet-peas. Planted them with much fear and hesitation too; for when with a good deal of trouble she had dug a trench for them four inches deep, Prim thought they might as well be buried in the centre of the earth at once.

"They'll *never* get up out of that hole, Sam!"

"Four inches deep is what Mr. Vick says," answered Sam, showing her the words in the Catalogue. "The plants will bear the heat so much better."

"Bear it! I should think they would—and be glad to get it, too, way down there," said Prim. "I wonder if they'll be prettier planted so, in a circle, than they would in a straight line?"

"Plant some of them both ways and then you can judge."

"So I will!" said Prim, carefully sowing the seeds "pretty thick" in her dug-out circle. "Now I s'pose the straight one must be just as deep."

"Of course. But cover these first," said her brother.

Prim carefully folded down the open end of her seed-bag lest the peas should take the matter into their own hands and sow themselves on the surface of the ground; and then she gently threw in the earth with her trowel, looking up at Sam every now and then as the trench grew full to see if that depth would not do. But Sam showed no signs of relenting until all the earth was filled in smooth and even.

"Now you can go on to your straight line," he said, "and I will go and help Lily a while."

"What are you doing?" said Lily, coming up. "Oh, how pretty every thing looks!"

"Sowing my sweet-peas," said Prim. "That's a circle, and this is a straight line."

"Is it?" said Lily; "I should have said it was a crooked line if you'd asked me."

"But it's so hard to draw it straight!" said Prim, standing up to look at her line, which was indeed extremely wavy, to say the least.

"Never mind—I dare say it's as good as the circle," said Lily, consolingly.

"The circle's *perfect*," said Prim. "Sam drew it for me himself. He set a stick in the middle and tied a string to it, and tied another stick to the other end of the string, and just drew it all round—so."

"For the straight line," said Sam, "you can stretch a cord between two sticks; or you can lay your rake-handle down on the bed and measure by that. Now, Lily, what are *you* about?"

"I don't know how thick to sow these seeds," said Lily. "I sowed all there were in the paper first, and then the holes looked so close together I picked up a good many of 'em."

"Picked them up—the seeds, I suppose!" said Sam. "That's a losing business. And what are these holes you talk of?"

"Why, the holes I made for the seeds," said Lily, leading the way down the hill to her garden.

"What seeds are they?"

"Only my dwarf convolvulus. Oh, I didn't lose any of 'em—I know exactly how many there were."

Sam thought to himself that it was a very loving sort of gardening in which the seeds were all *counted*; but he said nothing except to give Lily her directions, and then walked up the hill again and toward the fence to look at Clover. Lily's counting was nothing to Clover's care. She smoothed and resmoothed the little spot where the seeds were to go; dug it lightly up with her trowel, and then smoothed it again, breaking every smallest lump of earth. Then carefully opening her seed-bag, Clover took out a little pinch of seed between her finger and thumb, and slowly, cautiously sprinkled it over the prepared bit of ground. Then making some more earth very fine, Clover sprinkled that over the seeds, pausing once or twice to consider whether that was deep enough; then patted the whole softly down with her trowel, stuck her label at one side, and the work was done. With a little sigh of great satisfaction Clover looked up at her brother.

"Will it do, Sam?"

"Exceedingly well," said her brother, smiling. "But where are your sticks?"

"What sticks?"

"Sticks to mark the boundary line of each patch of seeds, so that you may not plant one kind on top of another."

"Oh, I never thought about that; I haven't got any," said Clover.

Sam took up a tree branch which the wind had blown off, and cut three or four little sticks—six inches long or so—with which Clover at once fenced in her seeds.

"How pretty it looks!" she said, slipping her hand into her brother's; "and how wonderful it is, Sam! Just to think what my little seeds will be next time I see them!"

"Ay!" said Sam, clasping the little hand tight, but speaking in a musing way, as if hardly thinking of her: "'That thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be.' 'In hope of a glorious resurrection'—that is it, dear. And the earth seems but a soft, quiet bed in the sunshine of such a promise."

Clover looked at him earnestly, and then her eyes flushed, and she looked down at her garden again quite silently, for she was a little body of few words. Or perhaps I should say, of fewer words than thoughts. "In hope of a glorious resurrection"—yes, that was it, certainly; but Clover had never known what those words meant before.

"What will these flowers be like, Clove?" said Sam, suddenly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Clover; "the Catalogue doesn't tell. Only they will be sweet and white."

"Yes," Sam repeated, as he walked slowly away, swinging Clover's hand softly back and forth in his own, "'sweet and white,' that is all it tells. 'For it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know'—we who love Jesus—'that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'"

One little word among all these went straight to Clover's heart; that little word "we." "'*We* who love Jesus,'" her brother had said; oh, did she?

I can not tell you what joy it was, when the plants began to come up in the little window-boxes. I think the very first of all was the crumpled pink leaf of an abronia, "as pretty as a flower," Prim declared, for the abronias belonged to her. Then in Lily's box appeared a quite different beauty—small, compact, and round; a canna shoot, with its white tip above the lovely green line. Lily was what Jack called "frantic," in her delight. Nothing quite equal to these in beauty was seen in Clover's box at first; but the hyacinth beans sent up their broad seed leaves, which Sam called "cotyledons," and Jack declared to be only the two halves of the bean itself. Then the zinnias came forth, bright and strong; and the stocks—little tiny flat seeds that they were—burst out with such broad, large cotyledons, that Clover wondered over them. Clover did a great deal of thinking in those days, and never could go near her box or her garden without remembering the words Sam had spoken down by the fence. Jack declared that gardening had spoiled all his three sisters, for Lily was crazy, and Prim in a dream, and Clover in such a brown study that you could get nothing out of her. "Except moral lectures," Jack would add by way of conclusion.

By-and-by the earth which covered Prim's ipomœa seeds began to rise up in a most remarkable manner; a little heap here, and another there, not quite smooth but inclined to crack open at the top.

"It's just like what mamma said!" exclaimed Prim, in her excitement. "Oh, do you think it can be the seeds?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Sam, to whom this appeal was made. And from that time, whoever wanted Prim was sure to find her at the window, gazing down upon the pot that held her ipomœa seeds.

Lily, too, made a great discovery. A similar disturbance of the earth in one of her flower-pots had been followed by the sudden appearance of two little green leaves on a very long stalk; so long indeed that it could hardly hold itself up. Lily thought it must be the newest and rarest of plants, there was but one in the pot, and that grew so fast.

"Just look, Sam!" she said, "is that one of my asters?"

"Aster, indeed!" said Sam, with an expression of great contempt. And before Lily well knew what he was about, Sam had raised the pane of glass, pulled up the rare plant, and flung it out of the window.

"Oh, Sam, Sam!" was all Lily could say, "what *did* you do that for?"

"What did I do it for? why you do not want to grow weeds, I suppose?"

"Was *that* a weed?"

"That was a weed."

"Well, I'll never trust any thing again," said Lily. And to be sure she did not; for when a few days after one of the pots became suddenly full of green leaves upon long stalks, Lily began to root them out with an unsparing hand; but this time it was Sam who cried "stop!"

"They're only weeds," said Lily.

"They're only your scarlet flax," said Sam. "Never mind, you have lost but a few."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said poor Lily, "what am I to do! I thought weeds and flowers were different—and they're just alike!"

"No, they are not," said Sam; "but that is one of the things you have got to learn. A gardener knows a weed from a flower by a sort of instinct, even when it first comes up; though it is such a little bit of a thing, and may be of a kind he has never seen before. He will recognize one weed in a whole tuft of flowers, or one flower in a whole tuft of weeds."

"But *how?*" said Lily. "Tell me how?"

"Ah, that I can not do; that you must learn," said Sam: "I could as soon give you directions for finding out a real lady or gentleman. It's not because of their dress, it's not because of their place—you just *feel* the difference. And so it is with weeds."

LOVE'S LIGHT.

LAST year she wandered through the wood,
The Spring was on the breeze,
And overhead, among the trees,
The building cushats cooed and cooed;
And all around a hundred notes
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats;
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
Amid the primrose flowers,
And from the hawthorn shook in showers
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
And making havoc as she went,
Her merry voice glad snatches sent
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
Blithe caroled every bird,
And overhead again were heard
The plaintive cushats crooning love;
Again along the primrose glade,
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
With playful fingers rude,
To scatter in her careless mood
Their blooms along the forest ways;
But violet and primrose fair
She gathered in a garland rare,
And lily bells and fragrant mays.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild;
But Love has come, and every where,
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
An intuition rare,
A sense that need hath ne'er
Of words to thread the intricacy
Of thought and feeling's maze,
A foretaste of the eternal days,
When God shall lighten every eye.

MARGARET.

MARGARET GLINT was very busy. The clergyman of New St. Simon's Church—good, abstracted Dr. Glint, who had grubbed among dead languages until his own seemed a very small absurdity to him, and who was so absorbed in the roots of Greek and Latin words that but for the joint efforts of his young sister and old servant he would probably have preached in his night-gown, gone abroad on week days in his surplice, and retired in his best coat—was hard at work at a fearfully learned and woefully dull volume fast approaching the epoch of publication, when weak eyes and a press of pastoral duties rendered the engagement of an amanuensis positively necessary. Such a one had been engaged—a gentleman recently arrived from England—an intelligent man of education, who seemed glad enough to occupy the position, and agreeable enough to prove a pleasant companion to the Doctor in his leisure hours; and having forgotten to mention that he was expected, the stranger arrived without the least warning this Monday morning, baggage and all—what there was of it—and was now shut up with the Doctor in his library, while Miss Glint and Nancy bustled about the "blue bedroom" arranging it for the new-comer. Both highly provoked by the Doctor's forgetfulness to give them warning; and Miss Margaret, in a sarcastic mood, saying so many absurd things that Nancy declared she would be "the death of her." "Two looking-glasses, Nancy," said Miss Margaret. "Mind *that*. He surely must want them to make that nice, straight part at the back of his head; and be careful of the carpet-bag, or you might spill the rouge and lily-white."

"As if he had any, Miss," said Nancy.

"He's like a china doll," said Margaret. "I hope he's *not* a girl in male attire. There would be such a scandal. Now we're all right, I think. Remember to put out plenty of jam and cake for tea. I'm sure he likes them. I hope I sha'n't forget and call him Bubby."

"You'll kill me, Miss," said Nancy, leaning against the wall. "How you *do* make fun of 'em, to be sure!"

By *them* Nancy meant the sterner sex. It was a way Margaret Glint had. She was always laughing at some one. Perhaps she laughed more than a quietly happy person would have done. She had had what in common parlance is called a "disappointment." At twenty she had been engaged to a certain Roger Ackland—a man ten years her senior—one to be both proud and fond of. Her very wedding-dress had been ready, when some one, in no kindly spirit, had brought the girl a tale of her lover's past life which he had hidden from her.

He did not deny it, and she would listen to no excuse. She gave him back letter and ring and lock of hair, and bade him leave her. It was like the parting of body and soul, but she did it bravely. Since then she had been mistress of her brother's house, and had never once fallen into low spirits as far as any one could judge. What she suffered only the pitying angels knew who comforted her—and she did not repent. "Better any fate," she had said, "than the wife of a bad man;" and she meant it. Many a one had wooed her since, but she cared for none. Roger was not a handsome man, but she could see no beauty in any other face, and the men she met all seemed so small and petty in comparison with him.

Least of all did she like purposeless, helpless men, like this amanuensis of her brother's. It would bore her woefully, she knew, to have him about the house. Yet when he made his appearance at table she was very courteous to him—more so than to most strangers.

He was small and very fair. His hands were girl's hands. He was not decided even about the matter of cream and sugar in his tea. He took what was handed him, and refrained from helping himself to the butter at his very plate, until some one discovered that he was nibbling dry bread; but he was so mild withal—so sweet-voiced and amiable that he won on her. After a few days she felt much as she might toward some timid child, and was very anxious to please and make him comfortable. And this *rôle* of protector suited Margaret well. It came in a week or two to keeping a seat beside her for him, to making much of him in a motherly sort of way. He was three years her senior, but she always felt as though he was much younger, and, to tell the truth, made a sort of pet of him, as she might of some young brother home for the holidays.

And Charles Lawton was immensely grateful in his mild way. Nothing was too much to do for Miss Glint. He walked miles in the noonday sun to the circulating library for a book she wanted. He found, in some mysterious manner, a rare plant she coveted for her garden. He scoured the country for her lost canary-bird, and rescued it from the hands of a dishonest boy in a way that excited the astonishment of those who knew of the adventure, and made himself useful in a thousand little ways, morning, noon, and night. But whatever he did, wherever he was, the young man never seemed quite happy. He was always sighing, always looking downcast. Always being found in a brown study on the porch, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and two great tears in them. It troubled Margaret Glint sorely to see this. It made her more unhappy than she could have fancied possible. For some men to be wretched seemed natural; but this gentle, innocent, effeminate man *should* have been as happy as a school-girl. She tried to cheer him up—in vain. She exerted herself to make him laugh. He did it, and then grew sad again. What could he have done? What could have been done to him? Had he been in love—had he been jilted? No one could answer these questions save himself. Until at last Margaret made a discovery. Her brother had gone out, taking his amanuensis with him. To rummage for some rare work, and dusting and sweeping and purifying the library, was the business of the day. It was necessary to do it secretly, for broom and brush were denied an entrance; though, if papers were not moved, the Doctor would never notice the difference on his return; and old Nancy was in abject terror until the work was accomplished. Then, in an idle mood, Miss Glint sat down at the desk of the amanuensis and began to look over the papers. The Doctor's crabbed scrawls were copied in a fair hand, with pretty, delicate flourishes, and exact margins, all fresh and nice, and pleasant to look at; but under the pile, hidden there, as it seemed, in a hurry, for the upper edge was crumpled, lay a sheet of foolscap covered on both sides, thus:

"Margaret!"—"Dear Margaret!"—"Margaret my love!"—"Beautiful Margaret!"

The same name written a hundred times in as many different styles with loving words appended. No one who is in the habit of writing but has done the same thing some time. We all know why, though it would be hard to explain the reason. Margaret knew. She had discovered Charles Lawton's secret. She stood holding the paper in her large white hand, cheek and brow flushed hotly. Then the sheet began to tremble and was crushed in the round finger-tips, and Margaret Glint fled the library with that mute witness of love like a guilty thing. What had tempted her to toy with those papers which did not interest her one whit? The manuscript of that dry, deeply-learned work which

was so much pure stupidity to her, as to most people? Was it fate? It seemed so, for thus had she learned what else she might never have learned in all her life, for she knew now that her great wealth—she was a very rich woman—kept her gentle lover from telling her of his love. "Margaret—Margaret!" Ah, did he love her as she had loved Roger Ackland, when it was her wont to scribble his name over and over again? Could it be? Had he the strength of heart to feel so? In her own room Margaret knelt down upon the cushion at her bedside, and, hiding her face upon her pillow, with her folded arms above her head, *thought*. She must needs think it all out for herself. There was no one to go to for advice. Had it only been the root of a Greek verb her brother could have helped her. Any thing a dictionary or a treatise could have availed her in she need not have puzzled over; but this involved only the heart and conscience—the heart and conscience of a *woman*, and her brother, the clergyman, could not advise even could she ask him.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "What *have* I done? I have been kind to him. I have been very kind to him, but I never thought of this. And he is so good. Could I come to liking him enough? Perhaps."

The face of Charles Lawton arose before her. The pale face, with its light, cool-tinted hair and helpless-looking, girlish mouth. A face sweet and pure but with no strength in it, and her mental gaze was fixed upon it.

"Perhaps," she said again. And her eyes looked tender. So might a man have looked, thinking of some girl who loved him. She was a little like a man, this Margaret Glint. Large and dark and brilliant. Looking at her you might sometimes think of some poet's young hero. In her soul, too, dwelt a high-toned sense of honor which was manlike; though all men—more is the pity—do not have it. And this it was which moved within her now.

Unconsciously she had won a heart. It was a little her fault, a very little, and she dared not trample on it. She could not.

From her knees she arose, convinced of her duty, and stood before the window looking out upon the road—a pleasant country road, burnished by the setting sun.

"I must love him if I can," she said. "Poor child—poor boy! This is what his sadness means. This is his secret. I am so very rich—he poor. He is afraid to speak. I wish he were not. I could love him more."

She went to the mirror to bind up her hair—that glorious hair, ink-black and glossy as polished jet. The great waves were prisoned in a golden net. From her dainty ears hung glowing rubies; their mates glittered on her bosom, no redder than her lips. Such a face might a Sultana have owned. It was gorgeous; gorgeous things became it; rich colors set it off. Margaret knew that it was beautiful. But for five long years—ever since she had given Roger Ackland back his letters, and seen that face of his, rugged as the granite hills where he was born, turn grayly pallid to the lips—ever since she had put her own heart beneath her feet and trampled on it—she had never dreamed the dreams of other girls—never hoped as other women do. She was five-and-twenty now. Should she begin to dream again?

"Love is worth much," said Margaret, "and I could comfort him and care for him—I could make him rich. Better mend my life thus than let it go to waste. Better make another happy if I can not be quite happy myself." And she turned from the mirror with a sigh.

Ten minutes after her laugh rang merrily through the great rooms below, and Charles Lawton was listening to it.

He sat beside the clergyman and opposite her as she poured the tea. There was grace in her every motion, fascination in her every glance. She looked at him as she had never looked before; for she knew now that he loved her. That knowledge alters a man at once to any woman. Before to-day he had been only a gentle, pleasant-faced man, to whom she could be kind. Now he was much more. She exerted herself to please him. She began to like to do so. She could not quite meet his eye. She blushed when, by accident, he touched her hand in taking his cup. Before her newly-acquired knowledge she could have held it in her own like a little child's.

When the meal and the long, quiet evening chat were over, she sought her pillow, confident that she had chosen well. A good if not a *great* man loved her; and she would be his wife. Only that subtle pain remained when, in some day-dream, she saw again the glorious, rugged face of Roger Ackland, and looking into her heart saw there a shattered idol—a shrine cast down—a something vanished from her soul forever, which had been very sweet to it.

Yes, Margaret was on the whole happier. Hour by hour in the days which followed she found it a sweeter task to give her timid lover hope. No vain fellow, no conceited "pretty man," was this. Less confident of his own powers of fascination, less hopeful, more humble-hearted he could not have been. That dainty care of person and attire was natural to him. Looking foppish, he was not one whit so in reality. Teaching him what he might hope, she began to feel a strange fondness for him, such as few women ever experience. A protecting feeling, as though he had been a girl and she a man. This strange, peculiar Margaret Glint absolutely began to long for the day which would give her the right to pillow his head upon her bosom, to endow him with her worldly goods, to shelter him with the great mantle of her love, and care for him in sickness or in sorrow. Oftener and oftener at this time her face and form reminded one of some young cavalier.

In the great bow-window, looking out upon the grounds, they used to sit together for hours, when the amanuensis was free from his daily task. She at her work, he idle. Sometimes they talked. Sometimes he gave her a half-glimpse of his life. Hinted at a sorrow, at a hopeless future. Seemed half inclined to tell her what he felt, then sunk into shy silence.

"And all because I am rich," thought Margaret. "Can he not see, what I should not say?—am I not plain enough in my manner? I have gone as far as woman can."

Yet she pitied him instead of feeling wroth.

The great book toiled on toward its end and was haply finished. Proof-sheets were revised, columns of jetty words were shut up between covers of substantial leather. The amanuensis was needed no longer. In a day or two he would be gone. Could it be that he would go without a word? It had come to this. Margaret had taught herself to love him. To be so fond of him that hot tears welled up to her eyes at the thought of parting. She saw how sad he was, and she vowed that woman's fear should not stand between them. That if he dared not speak *she* would.

The last night had fallen. They were alone together. Alone by the blazing fire, kindled for the first time that season on the hearth. She sat upon a low lounge, he stood with his arm upon the mantle-piece and his head upon it. From the tea-table the Doctor had gone to his own room to luxuriate in the sight of those hot-pressed volumes. The servants were far away in kitchen quarters. The rain forbade all fear of intruders from without. If ever time were favorable for her purpose that was the hour. Margaret knew it. Why did he not say something to her, sit beside her, take her hand? Surely never was man's heart as faint as his.

Thinking this a little bitterly she saw something glitter in the fire-light—something that smote her heart. It was a tear. This mute lover of her was suffering.

Margaret sprang from her seat and crossed the space between them. She put her hand upon Charles Lawton's shoulder. "You are unhappy?" she said. "Have you no confidence in me? Come, sit beside me; tell me all."

He sat down as she bade him. She kept her hand upon his arm. Had he met her eyes he must have known the truth; but he never lifted his.

"You are in trouble," she said again. "Can I help you? can I advise you? Believe me, if I can I will. Whatever it is, if I *can* I will."

He shook his head.

"God bless you!" he said. "I fear there is no advice to be given; no help to come, save that which Time may bring. You would despise me should I tell you all."

"Coward!"

He heard the word and looked at her. She smiled.

"Faint heart. I know what troubles you. Why should you fear to tell a woman of your love because she is rich? Have you no trust in me? See, I know all."

From her bosom she drew the paper she had kept there so long and laid it on his knee.

He caught it, gazed upon it, and the next instant was kneeling at her feet. Not to woo.

How he told it, how she heard it, Margaret never could remember; but she had the truth at last. It was another Margaret he loved. Another, whose name was written on that paper. Far away across the sea she dwelt. They were both too poor to wed. His health had failed him.

Years might pass before he might dare claim her, or the time might never come. And his grief was this, that in honor he must give her up lest all this weary waiting might cheat her of her spring-time, and leave her only a hopeless, lonely autumn.

Margaret heard it all, crushed by her great shame. Had he known the actual truth, it would not have been so bad; but that might never be. What must he think of her? For a while she was wroth with him. For a moment she could have killed him. Then she relented.

Like a queen she arose.

"I told you I would help you if I could. I think I can," she said, and gave him her hand; and swept from the room stately until the door had closed upon her. Then, alone in the darkness, she bowed down her proud head as it never had been bowed before. She had taught herself to love this man, who, after all, had never cared for her. She almost died of it. But Margaret was noble. One day there came to Charles Lawton a letter from that other Margaret in far-off England, bearing strange, sweet news. A mysterious legacy had come to her from an unknown friend. A legacy conditional upon her union with him to whom she wrote. They need not fear poverty henceforth; and she was coming to him.

She did not, so she wrote, believe that the donor had left this world. The lawyer in whose hands the business had been placed had been forbidden to say more than that the money was bestowed "by Margaret on Margaret."

These words told Charles Lawton all. One day he shared the secret with his wife.

But long ere that Margaret sat one day before the fire—the first fire of the season, as it had been on that eventful night, but this time quite alone—when the door behind her opened and the servant announced "A gentleman." Rising, she turned toward him, and stood transfixed. The massive head and rugged face; the grand figure, in its half careless dress; the eye like steel in fire-light, were before her once again—Roger Ackland had returned to her.

He looked at her in silence; then he said, softly: "You bade me leave you once, Margaret. Are you angry with me for seeking you again? I could not help it."

And she had given him her hand. Holding it still he had taken his place beside her. He had looked into her eyes.

"You would not hear me years ago," he said. "Will you listen now? If I have erred, I have done penance, Heaven knows! God forgives all sinners. May not a mortal woman forgive one who has repented?"

And then he told her all—the evil that had been done and sorrowed over even before they met; the excuse for it; the spiteful tattling which had warped for her ear that which he would have laid before her in plain, unvarnished truth—and she listened, believing.

"You took hope and life from me when we parted," he said. "I have suffered deeply all these years; but when, returning to my native land, I found Margaret, whom so many sought, yet free, I began to hope again. Will you give me something to live for—will you forget the past, and be mine, Margaret?" And he drew her toward him, and her head dropped upon his breast and rested there. A very woman she seemed now, confiding, clinging, trusting; and as she felt his arms about her the olden joy returned, and Margaret was happy.

So happy that she could have knelt down to thank Heaven for the bitterest mortification of her life, for any woe or any pain which had kept her free to give herself to Roger Ackland.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

WE have had in our political history four eminently critical Presidential administrations: WASHINGTON'S, in which the Constitution, established in 1787, was first tested in operation; JACKSON'S, in which this Constitution was for the first time seriously threatened by CALHOUN'S adherents in South Carolina; LINCOLN'S, in which CALHOUN'S doctrines, finding support in eleven Southern States, culminated in open rebellion against the Constitution; and JOHNSON'S, in which the rebellion, having been suppressed and the Constitution having triumphed over its armed opponents (or *misinterpreters*, if they prefer that designation), it became necessary for the General Government to step in, and, under the Constitution, to guarantee to disorganized States "a republican form of government," and to secure the peace of the country and the perfect allegiance of all its citizens, which had been obtained by military conquest. The first three of these administrations were eminently successful. Under WASHINGTON the Constitution, then for the first time put into operation, fully justified the hopes of its distinguished founders, who, after years of often-repeated and often-baffled attempts, had finally secured its adoption by the people. JACKSON, with characteristic firmness, silenced the Nullifiers of 1832. LINCOLN, with a fidelity to the Constitution and an honesty of purpose in enforcing its claims, equally characteristic, suppressed the rebellion of 1860–61. The issue of JOHNSON'S administration remains yet to be decided.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, is probably as remarkable a man as our country has produced. His career is a notable one. He was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of 10 years he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city. The circumstances of his early life were calculated to give him an appreciation of many of the worst evils of the Slave system prevalent in the South. The disadvantages under which he, as a poor boy, labored as contrasted to the advantages of the privileged few, were only too apparent to him at every step. No institution of learning opened its doors to him. During the seven years of his apprenticeship he learned to read, an acquisition due, in part, to accident but still more to his own ingenuity and untiring perseverance. His first reading-book—and that was a borrowed one—was a volume of speeches, chiefly those of British statesmen. In 1826, at the age of 18, he removed to Greenville, in East Tennessee, where he was so fortunate as to marry a young lady who was competent to teach him writing and the first rudiments of arithmetic. This was the completion of ANDY'S schooling; the refinements of a college education were beyond his reach; the knowledge which he had, though not securing the ends of a higher and more scholastic culture, fitted him for the uses of life.

As might be supposed, when we find him at the age of twenty entering upon the arena of political conflict, his instincts and opinions are emphatically democratic. His first political success was against the aristocratic element in Greenville, his own town, where for three years he held the office of Alderman, and was immediately afterward promoted to the Mayoralty, which he held for three years. In 1834 he was influential in securing for his State a new Constitution, guaranteeing the freedom of speech and of the press, and enlarging the liberties of the masses. In 1835 he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature; in 1840 was one of the Presidential Electors from that State; in 1841 was sent to the State Senate; in 1843 was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1845 and 1847; in 1853 was elected Governor of Tennessee, being re-elected in 1855; was elected United States Senator in 1857 for the full term of six years; and in 1862 was appointed by President LINCOLN Military Governor of Tennessee.

Such was the curriculum of official life run by ANDREW JOHNSON before he was, in 1864, elected Vice-President of the United States. His political record during all these years has been well defined, and, in the main, consistent. His maiden speech in Congress was made in support of the resolution to restore the fine imposed upon General JACKSON for having placed New Orleans under martial law. Judging from his Congressional record, we should set him down as a stiff Democrat of the ANDREW JACKSON school. He warmly advocated the annexation of Texas, and he thought that State would "prove to be the gateway out of which the sable sons of Africa are to pass from bondage to freedom, and become merged in a population congenial with themselves"—a prophecy which had no basis and no verification. He has made since his accession to the Presidency a somewhat liberal use of the veto power; but we find that in 1847 he made a very eloquent argument in favor of the exercise of this power, in the course of which he said that JACKSON had exercised this power nine times. In this respect JOHNSON may certainly claim to have successfully imitated his prototype. He was a strong advocate of the Mexican war, and he opened the agitation of the Homestead bill, of which he was an ardent supporter until its passage.

But it is in ANDREW JOHNSON'S Senatorial career, and especially in his denunciation of the Secession movement of 1860, that the strong points of his statesmanship are most apparent. He can justly claim the rare merit, which all will cheerfully accord him, of having been the only Southern representative in Congress who stood firm to the Union in its greatest peril. Of course this destroyed his popularity at the South. In his own State he was burned in effigy. Passing through Lynchburg at the height of this Secession excitement, in the winter of 1860, he was groaned and hissed by a mob, who threatened to take him from the cars to hang him. The Memphis *Avalanche* of April 25, 1861, exultantly described his having his nose pulled by another mob at Liberty, in Virginia. It was this noble stand taken by ANDREW JOHNSON for the enforcement of the Constitution which insured him the Vice-Presidency.

In the special session called by President LINCOLN in the summer of 1861 we find Mr. JOHNSON the ablest supporter of the apparently arbitrary acts of the President in increasing the army, claiming that Mr. LINCOLN had only anticipated Congressional legislation. Yet Mr. JOHNSON stood by the Constitution even in making war upon its enemies. It was he who introduced into the Senate, July 26, the following resolution (previously adopted in the House), and which passed by a vote of 80 against 5:

> *Resolved*, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in revolt against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capitol; that, in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feeling of mere passion or resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not prosecuted upon our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and all laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.

The principle involved in this resolution is the key-note of ANDREW JOHNSON'S policy to-day. And this brings us down to the immediate present. We pass over Mr. JOHNSON'S career as Military Governor of Tennessee, which was thoroughly consistent with his Congressional record. He was, without parade, inaugurated President of the United States upon the day of Mr. LINCOLN'S death. We shall not here quote what he had previously said about hanging conscious traitors, nor, as is the habit of many, shall we denounce him for not having made the unsparing use of the halter which he once threatened. This journal has never advocated the execution of these threats, has never indeed recommended any vindictive policy as against the persons of those lately in rebellion. It is not worth our while to inquire what has turned Mr. JOHNSON toward a more lenient policy—the policy of pardoning rebels instead of hanging them. It may have been that a deep sense of his responsibility upon the assumption of the Presidential office led him to change his mind as to the expediency of such measures as he had formerly proposed, or it may have been the example of his predecessor which altered his purpose. Whatever it may have been, we have no fault to find with him in this regard.

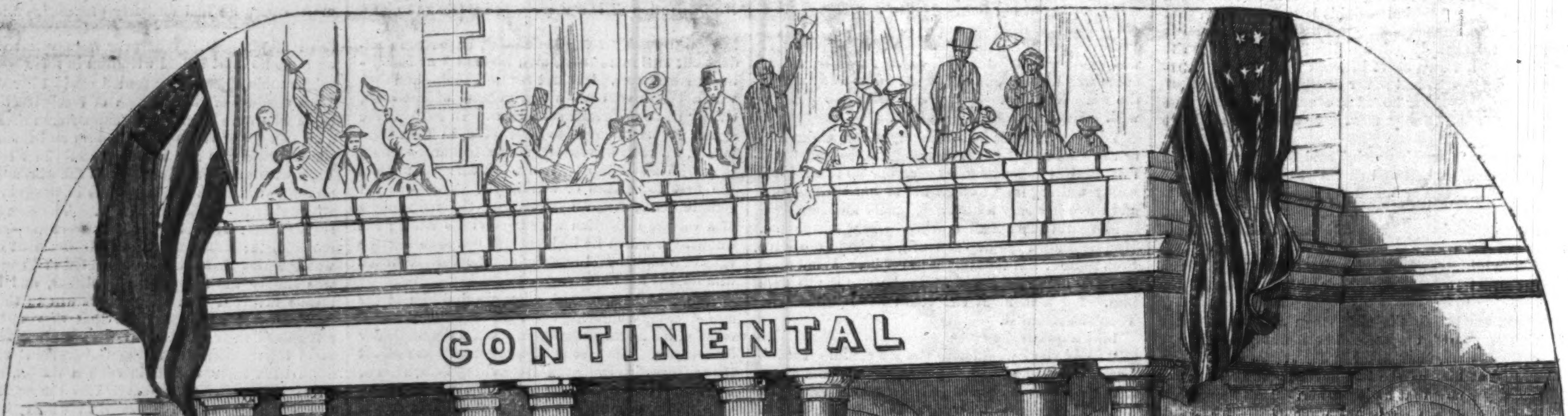
The main objection presented against Mr. JOHNSON'S conduct of the problem of reconstruction by those who were formerly his supporters arises from a divergence of views between him and them as to the expediencies and necessities of the situation. They wish to secure the results of the war, and they go somewhat farther than he does in the guaranties which they ask of the late rebels. The case stands simply thus: The rebels in arms were *disarmed* by our soldiers; submission to the arbitrament of war was the *least* that could be expected of them—this was simply the recognition of defeat, and by no means involved of necessity a return to their allegiance. But they claimed that they not only recognized their defeat, but were willing also to yield their allegiance to the Government and to unite with their victors in such a restoration of peace and union as was dictated by the necessities and proprieties of the situation in which the war had left the country. They accordingly nullified secession, repudiated the rebel debt, and ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. President JOHNSON accepted these acts as satisfactory evidences of the good faith and loyalty of Southern citizens. He recognized the rebel States as restored to their normal relations with the General Government, except in the very important matter of representation, which he must leave to Congress. Well, Congress, upon its assembling, claimed that the Legislative Department had something to determine in this matter of restoration—something more than was involved in the mere examination of the credentials of Southern Congressmen. In short, Congress was not satisfied with the guaranties which the President had secured: these were good as far as they went, but still others were necessary. In the first place, Congress determined it was necessary to secure the equal rights before the law of all citizens without respect to race, class, or color; and still further, the States ought, by an amendment of the Constitution, to be put upon an equal footing in their basis of representation.

Congress decided, therefore, that these two things must be secured, precedent to *its* recognition of the States as restored. Here, in few words, is the difference between the President and the Thirty-ninth Congress. Between them the people are to decide. We have, in this place, no arguments to offer in support or opposition of either side. Arguments of this nature are presented every week in our Editorial columns. One thing, however, seems certain. The difference between the President and Congress has brought on a deplorable situation in the South. It seems to be taken for granted there that the late rebels will be sustained in their proscription of Union men and their infuriated animosity against the freedmen; and it is to be feared that a popular victory on the side of the President will tend to confirm this assumption. This is a consideration eminently worthy the attention of all who are in favor of equal rights, and who are not willing to forget those in the South who have been faithful adherents of the Union cause during the war.

President JOHNSON has been sketched by Senator DOOLITTLE as "a man of medium stature, compact and strong built, of dark complexion, and deep-set black eyes. He is of bilious temperament, of strong intellect, indomitable energy, and iron will, in whose character, I should say, the strongest feature of all is that of stern justice, mingled with a genuine hatred of all forms of aristocracy and oppression, and a patriotism so ardent that it amounts to a passion, almost a religion." We mean nothing disrespectful when we add that ANDREW JOHNSON does not belong to that high order of American statesmen where stand such men as ALEXANDER HAMILTON and WM. H. SEWARD. While he undoubtedly possesses a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and is to be accorded perfect honesty in his political views, it is impossible for him to command that kind of popular confidence which was given to Mr. LINCOLN. Unlike the latter, Mr. JOHNSON possesses a mind rather impassioned than argumentative. His exhibition of temper, his intemperate, and often indecent, denunciation of his political opponents remind us rather of the demagogue than of the unimpassioned and well-balanced statesman. Whether we deem him right or wrong, his speeches before the people always have had essentially the same characteristics—the same strength and the same weakness. He never forgets, or lets you forget, that he is "the humble individual who is now addressing you;" he seems always apprehensive lest we shall lose sight of the sacrifices which he has borne or the service which he has done; if we do not agree with him politically we may expect to be called "traitors;" if any opponent has denounced him, we may be sure that he will return the blow with interest, thus putting himself upon the level of his intemperate and it may be vulgar antagonist. These characteristics are the result, in part, of his peculiar temperament, and, in still greater part, of his political education. The strongest speeches he has ever made—and those most free of the characteristic weakness to which we have alluded—were those made by him in the Senate in the winter of 1860 and the following summer. Indeed when speaking before the Senate he appeared as a very different style of orator than when addressing the people. Before the latter his speeches are disconnected, full of repetitions, and not even his official position as Chief Magistrate of the United States is sufficient to keep him within the limits of good sense and decorum.

These weaknesses are no arguments against his policy, any more than the same sort of weaknesses displayed by THADDEUS STEVENS are arguments against the policy of Congress. We have always spoken freely of this sort of rhetoric, on whichever side it has been used. Neither Mr. STEVENS's denunciations of the President and his supporters, nor the indecorous epithets applied by President JOHNSON to his opponents, will weigh much with the people. They will dodge this rhetoric of thunder, and decide the great issue which is now before them according to their appreciation of the questions involved, and we feel sure that their verdict will accord with reason and with their patriotic instincts.

ANDREW JOHNSON, THE SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.—SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1866.—SKETCHED BY C. H. WELLS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

SEPTEMBER.

GENTLE September, thou art here;
The Graces follow in thy train,
The almoners of the bounteous year,
And scatter gifts of golden grain.

September, e'en thy very name
Is syllabled unto the ear
In liquid sweetness; and the same
Sweet promise ripens in thy cheer.

We see thee in thy deep-hued dress,
We hear thee in thy plaintive breeze,
We taste thee in the mellowness
That drops from thy rich-burdened trees.

We know thee by the tempered heat
That lingers in the sun's spent rays,
And by the passing hours more fleet
That fill thy Indian Summer days.

And by the faint-hued haze which veils
The vista seen through branching trees;
But we feel thee most when language fails,
By other signs and scenes than these.

Thou hast a token in the sky,
A music in the wandering winds,
A strength in thy maturity,
In which the soul a solace finds.

We hail thee, harvest month—and more,
Thou art the heart's month—and we gain
Of calm content a plenteous store,
As well as gifts of golden grain.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Third Portion.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a short time intervened between that evening when Anna sang so wonderfully, and quitted the room so strangely, and the period fixed for Miss Wokenham's marriage. The approaching departure of our good friend naturally occupied our thoughts very much. It was a great event and excitement in the even tenor of our lives; and going to America was a much more serious matter in those days than it is now.

Miss Wokenham, however, was as brave and bright as possible; it was not until the very night before she went away that she broke down, or lost the cheerful front we were familiar with.

"It isn't that I'm at all afraid, my dears," she sobbed out, "or that I have the least distrust of Lewis; but I am so fond of you all, and home is very dear, and every thing is strange before me, and, of course, one must be a callous brute—and I hope I'm not *quite* that—to be able to take it all composedly, and—and I *can't* find my pocket-handkerchief!"

My heart warmed to Monsieur De Beauguet when I saw him draw a bright-colored bandana from his pocket and gently wipe the little woman's streaming eyes as if she had been a child. I could have hugged him when he afterward applied the handkerchief to his own eyes with the utmost simplicity. Somehow I felt then that our dear little governess was safe with him.

They had at first intended to be married in Liverpool, and to spend a few days there before leaving England. But the merchantman they were going out in was to sail sooner than had been expected, and they would have no time to spare. So Miss Wokenham bade us good-by in her maiden character that last evening, and was married early the following morning. Dear uncle gave the bride away. He and my aunt were the only guests present in the church, by Miss Wokenham's expressed desire.

She had some relatives—second cousins, I believe—who lived in a tall brick house just outside the town, and were very stiff and stately. Not the less so, I dare say, that they had no particular reason for stiffness and stateliness. They were a childless old couple, sufficiently well-to-do in the world, and were mysteriously aggrieved by the fact of their relative's keeping a school. This injury, however, they kindly condoned, finding, possibly, some consolation in the reflection that her keeping a school relieved her friends from the necessity of keeping *her*. But the announcement of Miss Wokenham's intended marriage had shocked them—Mrs. Parker especially—to a frightful extent.

"You would have thought I had confessed to some awful crime, to hear cousin Sarah," said Miss Wokenham to my aunt. "She talked to me more like a jail chaplain than any thing else. And after all, I should like to know what difference it can make to them? They insinuated that I must not expect *now* to inherit any of their money—just as if I ever had expected it! and they talked vaguely of ruin and disgrace in store for the family. However, I kept my temper pretty well till they began to be impertinent about Lewis, when I fired up, and told them he was a Gentleman whose shoes none of the Parkers were worthy to wipe. Therefore, you see, it would have been of no use asking cousin Sarah and her husband to my wedding. And indeed they shouldn't have come if they had wanted to, unless they made a handsome apology to M'sieu'."

So our little schoolmistress became a wife, unillumined by the lustre of the Parkers' presence or patronage. The breakfast was given at the Gable House, and, at the last moment, when it was time for the travelers to depart, Horace Lee came hurrying in, flushed and panting, with a great nosegay of hot-house flowers in his hand, which he presented to the bride. The poor little soul was in a sad state of agitation by this time, and was clinging to my aunt as if she could never part from her, but she smiled through her tears when she saw Horace. He was always a great favorite of hers. "My goodness!" said she, with a spark of her wonted vivacity, "where did you get those glorious flowers? But your face is as bright as they are. I scarcely hoped to see you again. I thought you were at your father's for the week."

"Did you suppose I would let you leave Willborough without saying good-by?" returned Horace. "I was up at six o'clock this morning, ransacking the green-houses at the Hall. When I told the head gardener that I wanted some flowers to give to a bride, he took quite an interest in their selection, and said I was to gather what I chose. I galloped the new mare nearly all the way into Willborough. And now you must pay me for my posy, Madame de Beauguet."

To see the start the little woman gave when he called her by her new name! But she put her hands in his, and stood on tip-toe to be kissed, saying, "God bless you, my dear boy! I shall always like you, and keep you in my thoughts side by side with our beloved friends at the Gable House. You know I can not express a higher regard than that for any one."

More kisses and embraces, confused farewells, promises to write, thanks, tears, blessings, and our dear old friend was gone. The last glimpse I had of her showed me her small form being lifted into the fly by my uncle's strong arms. Good, true friend! As large of heart as she was tiny of stature. What a giantess would Miss Wokenham have been if her soul and body had borne proportion to one another!

For some days after the marriage the whole household seemed unsettled; and Anna and I wandered about from the house to the gardens, and from the gardens to the orchard, and about and about, in a most desultory manner.

Old Stock had been forced so far to yield to age and rheumatism as to accept the assistance of a permanent under-gardener, who was to receive his directions, and spare him the hardest part of the outdoor work. It was a sore trial to him, until he discovered a mine of comfort in the alleged and assumed total incapacity of his assistant. This inexhaustible theme for grumbling seemed to afford him more enjoyment than any thing except his pipe. "Good-morning, Stock," said I to him, a few days after Miss Wokenham's wedding. "What sort of a spring are we likely to have? And how are things looking with you here?" He was standing in the kitchen garden—leaning on a great brown knotted stick, scarcely browner or more knotted than his hands—inspecting the labors of his subordinate, who was digging up a great potato-bed. It was one of Stock's rheumatic mornings, and he was unable to handle a spade himself.

"Spring, Miss Margrit," growled the old man. "The spring'll be all right, to be sure. The Lord'll look after that. But as to how things is looking here, why howiver is things *like* to look, when the master 'livers 'em over to the marcy of Bill Green? In course I knows *my* dooty:" Stock was always comfortably satisfied on that point: "my dooty's wrote out plain. It may be hard on a man as has sarved the master forty year, fur to see the soil turned up in that there fashion, like stirring furmety wi' a ladle; but if the master ordains as Bill Green is to spoon the herth instead of spading it, why spooned the herth must be."

"Don't be hard on Green, Stock," said I; "he'll improve, no doubt, with all the pains you will take to teach him."

"Pains! Ah, great pains an' little gains. Jist look at him now, Miss Margrit, a-standin' gapin' like a stuck pig, instead of arnin' his day's wage. Didn't ye niver see a young lady afore, ye great gaby?"

"I've see'd lots on 'em," returned Bill Green: a blue-eyed stolid young fellow, upon whom Stock's sarcasm and scolding appeared equally powerless to produce any impression.

"Oh, ye have, have ye? Then what are you standin' starin' at? Why don't ye try to do summut for your daily bread, thof it *be* but spoonin'?"

"I've digged this here bed, an' I dunno what's to do next," said Green.

Stock turned to me triumphantly.

"Ye see, ye see, Miss Margrit! That's the way! He ain't got no more notion of his dooties nor a babby. It's a marciful Providence as I'm able to git about to look after him. Come here along wi' me, Bill Green, and I'll pint out what mischief you and your spoon is to do next. Bring your spoon along with you. Not as the Lord wills that the article should ever be missing where *you* are!" And the old man hobbled away to another part of his domains, followed by Bill Green, who confidentially bestowed a broad grin on me as he departed.

Horace greatly relished Stock's eccentricities, and I got into the habit of treasuring up his odd sayings and doings, in order to repeat them to Horace. Horace was really witty. I have never known a more amusing companion than he could be when once he knew you well enough to cast off his shyness. He sometimes had fits of wild spirits that kept uncle Gough in roars of laughter. But then, too, he was very easily moved to sympathy with any thing sad. The tears would spring to his eyes in a moment at hearing a plaintive tune or a pathetic story. He rarely could refuse to give to a beggar, and was as tender as a woman with aged people and little children. Uncle Gough used to say that Horace had one great fault; he could not say, No. "Wants ballast a bit, does the laddie," said uncle. "But, Lord help us! We all grow hard soon enough; and an old heart in a young bosom is worse than an old head upon young shoulders."

CHAPTER VII.

GRADUALLY I grew to join the thought of Horace with every incident in my life. When the lilies of the valley first peeped up under the shady side of the moss-grown orchard wall, I said to myself: "How Horace will like to see them!"—for he loved flowers dearly. When old Bran, the watch-dog, crawled feebly into the parlor, one day for the first and last time in his life, and died with his faithful head on my uncle's feet, I thought, amidst my tears: "Horace will grieve for Bran." If I wore a brighter ribbon than usual, or any new piece of girlish finery, I secretly wondered, "How will Horace like it?" I suppose this was "falling in love," but I did not know it. It was rather growing into love, gradually and gently, as the love of kindred—father, mother, brothers, sisters—grows up in our hearts, until it becomes a part of our nature, and we can no more remember when it was not there, than we can recall the days of our earliest infancy. Mine was not a passionate nature, but it was a clinging one. Love, with me, was not the fierce devouring overmastering feeling that I had seen it in others. It grew to be a part of me; an ever-present, steady, strong affection, that claimed no passionate expression nor violent outbursts, but that lived in my life, and breathed in my breath, and took root in my innermost and deepest heart of hearts. Yes, it was love that I felt for Horace Lee; a real, true, undying love. Undying, for oh a long life lies between those youthful days and this present time in which I write, and oh, my Lucy, for whom I write, I love him to this hour!

Although I can now, on looking back, clearly understand what were my own feelings, you must not suppose that I did so at nineteen. I never thought of "questioning my heart," or "analyzing my inner consciousness," or of attempting any of the profound metaphysical problems which—the circulating library informs us—the girls of this generation are accustomed to solve. Insomuch, that sometimes I feel almost afraid lest they should "analyze" all their emotions away, or lose the sweet evanescent freshness of them, and leave only a little earthy deposit at the bottom of the crucible. But when I look around me and see eyes as bright and cheeks as blooming as those other eyes and cheeks I saw so long ago, I believe that fresh, unsophisticated hearts come, according to the goodness of God, to gladden the earth as naturally as the daisies; and I revert to my old comforting conviction, that when youth and love quite go out of the world the world itself must go out too.

I look back on that girl at the Gable House as on another creature. I smile at her follies and simplicities, and weep at her sorrows, and grieve over the bitter days that lie before her. Ah, how young she seems with her nineteen years, and how old am I, Aunt Margaret!

Well! As I have said, Horace Lee became the central figure in my life, his presence made me quietly glad, and I loved my dear guardians and benefactors the better that they also loved him. But it was all unconsciously, or at least without thought, on my part. Horace was like a son of the house, and uncle used to call him and Anna his two spoiled bairns. Anna had given way to no outbreaks of temper since that stormy night of her willfulness about the singing, and we hoped that, as she grew older, she was gaining self-control and gentleness. My thoughts often recurred to what Miss Wokenham had said to me on that same evening, and I wondered what "breakers ahead" she could have foreseen, or fancied she foresaw. I came at last to the conclusion that she dreaded trouble for us all from Anna's violent temper, knowing, as she well did, how unchecked by firm opposition that fiery spirit had been from babyhood. I wished that our good friend could have seen how pleasant a change had come over my sister within the last two months. I mentally resolved to give her a glowing account of Anna's improvement when I should write to Canada, so as to convey to her that I understood what she had meant by her warning, and to assure her that her anxiety had been overstrained and needless. Altogether, that winter evening was frequently in my mind, for from it I dated the loss of my little hair chain. Search was made for it on the following morning, but vainly; and then the preparations for our old schoolmistress's wedding had sufficiently occupied us all, from the kitchen-maid up to dear Aunt Gough.

Old Mr. Lee came occasionally to see us, and to express to my aunt and uncle his sense of their kindness and hospitality toward his son.

"Horace is doing well at Rotherwood's," said the old gentleman. "At least, so they tell me. Sir Robert"—this was the great baronet, Mr. Lee's employer—"Sir Robert sent for Horace to the Hall the other day to speak about a little matter of business, the draining of Meadow Leas, and Sir Robert had him into the drawing-room—into the drawing-room where my lady was sitting—and made him stop to luncheon."

We were all uncomfortably dumb in a moment, and I felt, without looking at him, that Horace was crimson. But Mr. Lee went on in his usual self-satisfied way, in happy ignorance of the misery we were feeling.

"He staid in the drawing-room, where my lady was, full twenty minutes—from that to half an hour, wasn't it, Horace? and Sir Robert shook hands with him when he came away. Very gratifying. But they always have been pleased to entertain a great respect (however unmerited) for *me*."

Somehow or other the fonder I grew of Horace the more I shrank from Mr. Lee. I must have appeared a mere fool in his eyes, for a perfect pall of silence and shyness seemed to envelop me from head to foot when I was in his presence. Anna, on the contrary, who always was less diffident than I—and with good reason, for she was a bright, winning creature, with the lively, frank manner that had never known a chill or a rebuff—Anna would laugh and chat and play off her pretty airs on the old gentleman with astonishing vivacity. He admired her vastly, and called her all manner of "sylphs," and "nymphs," and "cruel charmers," and fair "enslavers:" compliments over which Anna used to go into fits of laughter in private. But she seemed determined to fascinate Mr. Lee, and she certainly succeeded.

One day, when the spring was pretty far advanced, and the young leaves and the tender grass had put forth their first fresh delicious green, Mr. Lee appeared at the Gable House early in the forenoon. He had his chaise at the door, he said, and was come to ask my aunt to do him the honor of taking a drive. She had been ailing somewhat during the last week, and he thought that the bright sun and fresh air would do her good.

"Do go, dear aunty," said we; and my uncle joined us in urging her.

"I will take you to a farm of one of Sir Robert's tenants, where I have business," said Mr. Lee, "and the good people of the house will be proud to offer you some homely refreshment, as a friend of *mine*. I am to sleep in Willborough to-night, and will drive you back before it grows dusk. There is—ahem! there is a third seat behind, and if one of the young ladies would accompany us—"

It was comical to see the look he gave me. It said "don't *you* come," so plainly. I involuntarily answered the look, by exclaiming, "Oh no, of course Anna will go." But Anna wished me to have the pleasure of the drive, and protested she would not care to go and leave me at home. "That is nonsense, dear," said I. "Do you go, and take care of aunty, and make her wrap up. Perhaps Mr. Lee will take me some other day." A proposal to which Mr. Lee, in his gladness at escaping my companionship for the present, politely and even cordially assented. So it was settled that Anna should go; and I helped to put warm wraps into the little open chaise, in case the spring evening should turn chilly as they came home; and I stood watching them as they drove away: Anna's dark ringlets waving about her pretty face, and her mouth pursed up into a ridiculous grimace in imitation of the unconscious Mr. Lee, who sat square and stately before her.

There was never lack of occupation at the Gable House. Aunt Gough had made us familiar with all housewifely lore, and both my sister and I were proud of our skill as housekeepers. My morning, therefore, passed busily away. After giving my uncle his early dinner, and seeing him established with his pipe and the London newspaper in the dining-room, I took my knitting and went into the garden to enjoy the brightness of the sunny afternoon. I wandered all over the grounds, through the shrubbery, into the orchard where the happy little birds were chirping and twittering in the gnarled old fruit-trees. I marked the early flowers dotting the borders with brilliant spots of color; and I peered with keen interest at the promise of a great plenty of roses displayed by the standard trees upon the lawn. It was all so dear and so familiar to me! I knew every nook in the place, every time-tinted patch in the old brick walls, every shrub, every bough, nay, almost every leaf. As I came slowly back toward the house I stopped to pick a bunch of broad-faced daisies that grew luxuriantly on a tiny green mound in a sunny corner of the shrubbery. It was a very tiny mound, with a white upright stone at one end of it, whereon the syllable VIC was engraven. Poor little Vixen lay beneath it, her fiery barkings and quaint gambols stilled forever. "Vic," said I, half aloud, "I am glad to know that you were a very happy little dog." And then I began to think of our childish days when Anna and Vic were such fast friends and joyous playmates. I remembered the great battle of the porch and Stock's signal defeat, and then I thought of *my* discomfiture and poor Dolly's deadly peril. Coming to the said porch at that moment, I went inside it and sat down. Though it was yet early in the year, the afternoon sun falling on that side of the house and beating on the yellow space of gravel—still the pride of Stock's heart—made the shade pleasant. The click of my knitting-needles grew slower and slower, and at length ceased. I had fallen into a drowsy kind of reverie. I was given to day-dreams then. All sorts of pictures of my childhood's days, and of people and places I knew, came into my head and passed away to be succeeded by other pictures. I was conscious of a lazy kind of curiosity as to what I should see next, when I heard a step on the gravel-path. It was not old Stock's heavy tread this time, but a light rapid footfall. I well knew whose.

"I thought I should find you here," said Horace, coming out of the sunlight to my side.

"Did you? I have not been in the porch before, this year; but this lovely afternoon tempted me. Aunty and Anna are gone to drive with your father."

"Yes, I know it. I am glad Mrs. Gough consented to go. I believe the air will do her good."

He had come eagerly into the porch as though he had been seeking me, wishing to say something; but now he sat silent, trifling with the ball of knitting-worsted that had lain on my lap. I have mentioned that he had an absent trick of turning and twisting things in his fingers.

"What you are doing now reminds me," I told him, "of my hair chain. Do you know I have never been able to find it since that night when you made Anna nervous by playing with it? Isn't it strange?"

He put his hand into his breast and turned his eyes upon me with a look that made my color rise and my heart beat faster.

"Margaret"—oh the tenderness in his voice! how sweet my name sounded!—"Margaret, shall I tell you something? Here is your chain. I have had it next my heart ever since that night." He drew it forth and held it out to me. A great joy began to flood my soul, but it was my nature to distrust such happiness. I could not accept it all at once; it seemed too great to believe in. So I tremblingly held out my hand for the chain, with a slight exclamation of surprise.

"No," said Horace, drawing nearer to me, "not till you have heard why I took it. You have not asked me that, Margaret. Do you know?"

I shook my head. I was past speaking.

"Can you guess?"

My tears began to blind me, and I could not keep down a sob. He threw his arms around me and held me to his breast.

"Because it had been yours; because it had clasped your throat; because the poorest ribbon you could wear, the glove that had touched your hand, the flower you had gathered and thrown away, would be dear and precious to me; because I love you, Margaret!"

Oh those words, those dear, dear words! Oh that happy time, that happy, happy time!

"Horace," I whispered, after a while, "Prince Goldenheart is come at last." For he knew the

story of my childish play, and had often laughed over it with me.

"*Is* it Prince Goldenheart?" he said. "Well; he should have a heart of gold who woos my Margaret. Thank God, at all events, there is no wicked fairy to blight *my* gentle Princess, or to stand between her and her love."

As he spoke a shadow blotted out the evening light, and when it had passed the sun had set.

"What was that?" I asked, looking up.

"Why, they have come home! Is it so late? It was your sister Anna."

"They have come home? Then they must have driven round into the stable-yard, and come into the house by the back way. I dare say Anna was looking for me. I must go now, Horace. Please let me."

I felt much as the child of twelve years before had felt, when old Stock, personifying the work-a-day world of reality, broke in upon her fairy story. We had been dreaming such a beautiful dream, Horace and I, all to ourselves, that for the moment it seemed a hardship to come out of that enchanted realm and face the common aspect of accustomed things. "Just one instant, Margaret!" He held both my hands clasped in one of his, and stood with his other hand laid softly on my head, looking down upon me.

"Aunty will wonder what has become of me."

"Answer me this one question. Do you really, really love me?"

"Oh, Horace! have I not said so?"

"Say it again! Once more—only once more."

"May I go if I say it again? Do you promise?"

"I promise, darling."

I released myself from his hold, and drew down the hand that rested on my head; then, leaning my two hands upon his shoulders, I raised my face to his, and kissed him; darting away next moment at full speed, and never stopping until I had flown across the hall, and along the stone-flagged passage that led to the morning-room. I paused outside the door, suddenly conscious of flushed cheeks and disheveled hair, and panting from my swift run. I heard voices laughing and talking within, and, reassured by the conviction that they were not thinking of me, I stole up to my own chamber to bathe my face and smooth my hair. When I came down again and entered the morning-room the tea-table was spread there, and Horace was seated beside my aunt, who was leaning back in her large arm-chair with an air of weariness. Anna was there, and my uncle was there, and Mr. Lee.

"Dear aunty, are you tired? Have you had a pleasant day?" said I, hastening to her.

"Where have you been, Madge, my love? Anna was looking for you. Will you make the tea, and offer Mr. Lee some cold meat? I had a very agreeable drive, but I am a thought tired now, my dear."

So the business of the tea-table came opportunely to cover my confusion. After I had attended to our guest I took courage to glance at Horace. He had been waiting on my aunt, holding her tea-cup, drawing forward a folding screen to shield her from the scorching blaze of the wood-fire—my uncle never relinquished evening fires until quite midsummer—and placing a broad cushion beneath her feet. Now he sat beside her, with his handsome head bent down to listen to her soft, slow speech. How I loved him! How beautiful the gentle deference of his youth and strength to her weakness and age appeared in my eyes! Anna was chatting gayly with Uncle Gough and Mr. Lee; but she kept looking across at my aunt and Horace, as if she too thought the picture they presented a pleasant one.

"We have been to such a dear old farm-house, Madge," said Anna. "Such a quaint, queer, uncomfortable, picturesque old place! Meadow Leas it is called. The drive there is pretty too. I did so enjoy it."

"The good farmer and his dame were truly proud and delighted to entertain Mrs. Gough and your sister," said Mr. Lee. "Hospitable, kind souls, poor things!"

"Hospitable! Yes, indeed, Madge. I never saw such heaps of food as they spread on the table. Pies, and cheese, and cream, and ham, and butter, and ale, and bread. I was frightened when I saw the piled up platter of rabbit pasty they put before me. And they expected me to eat it all!"

"You must go some day, Margaret dear," said my aunt. "I'm sure you would enjoy it. Farmer Gibson and his wife have all manner of pets that you would delight in."

Old Mr. Lee was to sleep at the Blue Bell, where he always put up when he came to Willborough; and he withdrew early.

"I have business to attend to to-morrow that will cause me to be up betimes, my good madam," he said to aunt in his tiresome way. "You will therefore excuse me if I take my leave now. Late hours do not suit me. They interfere with that clearness of brain which is essential to the transaction of important business."

I was very glad to see him rise to depart, for late hours did not agree with Aunt Gough any more than they did with him, and she had been looking very weary for some time past. "Horace," Mr. Lee continued, "I shall see you in the morning. Our ways lie in different directions to-night. I shall have a message to deliver to you from Sir Robert. Good-night, my dear madam. Nay, nay," in reply to some murmured thanks from my aunt, "only too glad to have afforded you a day's pleasure. Farewell, Miss Anna. I am sure you will not soon be forgotten at Meadow Leas. A vision of youth and beauty bursting on the—hem! What is the word? No matter, you understand me. Good-night, Mrs. Gough. And good-night to *you*, Miss Sedley." He had very nearly omitted his parting salutation to me altogether; but I could not let Horace's father go without a farewell, that night of all nights; so I had emerged from my nook behind the tea-table. Mr. Lee tried to look as if he had been purposely reserving the pleasure of shaking hands with me for the last, and had meant to come round to my side of the room if I would but have awaited him patiently. But I am afraid I must make the humiliating confession that I believe he had quite forgotten I was present.

My aunt rose as soon as Mr. Lee had departed, and said she would go to bed. She seemed very feeble when she got upon her feet, and I began to fear that the day's exertion had been too much for her. Horace gave her his arm to the room door, and then I think my uncle observed her weakness with some anxiety. "Shall I carry you up stairs, my dear?" he said. "It wouldn't be for the first time."

"No, love, no; I'm not so dead tired as that. Madge will come with me. Good-night, all. I shall be strong again to-morrow after a night's rest."

So I went up the wide old-fashioned staircase with my aunt, she leaning on my arm; and we made the journey slowly, though the ascent was far from being a steep one.

Anna had seemed inclined to linger a little; but Horace was preoccupied, and did not talk; and my uncle's dear face had a rather troubled look as his eyes followed his wife's slow steps out of the room. Anna, to whom silence and dullness were always intolerable, forthwith began to yawn, and followed us up stairs almost immediately. Horace remained in the morning-room, and I saw in his eyes, and I felt in the parting pressure of his hand that he would speak in the fullness of his heart to my uncle before he went away that night. The thought made me a little nervous and agitated, though Heaven knows I had never had cause to dread my dear guardian and benefactor. I longed to speak to Aunt Gough, and tell her of my great happiness, and receive the sweet motherly sympathy that she had ever been ready to lavish on me from my childish days; but she seemed so fatigued and unstrung that I dared not venture to excite her that night for my selfish pleasure. I remained with her until her eyes were closed and her head lay placidly on the pillow; then, lamp in hand, I crossed the broad landing to my bedchamber.

Anna and I shared a large, low, oak-paneled room with three deep windows looking on to the lawn. Our white-curtained beds stood side by side on an island of crimson carpet relieved against the darkness of the polished floor. I found that my sister was already in bed and apparently asleep; shading the lamp with my hand, I walked softly to the dressing-table and looked in the glass. It was a large old-fashioned oval mirror set in a black carved swing frame. How plainly it all comes back to me! I can see the blue gleam of moonlight that slanted in at the many-paned windows, and threw a fantastic pattern on the oaken boards; I can see the wide stretch of garden and shrubbery shimmering ghost-like out of a silver veil of mist; I can see the long shadows of the trees rocking and swaying noiselessly on the lawn, as the trees themselves moved with a soft whispering sound in the night breeze; I can smell the fragrance of a bunch of rich brown wall-flowers that stood in a china vase on the window-sill. It all fixed itself in my mind during the moment in which I set my lamp upon the dressing-table, and tilted down the glass to an angle at which I could see my face reflected in it. Not a touch or tint in that picture has faded in fifty years. "This then is the happy girl whom Horace loves!" said I to myself, looking at the face which looked at me out of the dark sea-green depths of the mirror. I knew very well that it was not a beautiful face. I knew very well that it was scarcely even pretty. But it was irradiated now with a light that transfigured it. "Oh, I am so glad!" I whispered through my blissful tears. "I almost believe that being so dearly loved, and loving so dearly, will make me grow pretty." Then I bent forward and put my lips to the cold surface of the glass, and said, "That means good-night for Horace!"

I turned away from the glass with a heart full of happy thoughts, and yet my tears fell fast. Anna was lying asleep on her white bed, and, as I looked at her lovely fresh face in its nest of rippling hair, I yearned to tell my joy to any thing so sweet and young and beautiful, to receive her sisterly kiss, and to feel the clasp of her arms around my neck, as I had felt it many a time when she had come to me to be soothed in some baby sorrow, and we had fallen asleep together. I thought I could tell her better if I put out the light; therefore, when I was undressed, I extinguished the lamp and kneeled down by her bedside. The moonlight shone into the chamber, and her hand and arm, tossed carelessly outside the coverlet, were bathed in a flood of pale brightness; but her face was in shadow.

"Anna," I said in a low voice, putting my cheek down on hers—"Anna, I have something to tell you."

She did not answer me.

"Anna, darling! It is something that makes me very, very happy, and I can not sleep without telling you."

She breathed quicker, and the white hand that lay in the moonlight clenched itself.

"Don't be frightened, dear. It is good, good news I have to tell you."

No reply. The cheek on which mine rested turned a little away, but she did not speak.

"Anna, Horace Lee loves me. He has told me so!"

She dashed herself out of my arms, turning so as to bury her face in the pillow, and the moonlit hand went up into the black shadow around her head, and staid there.

"Why did you wake me, Margaret? I was asleep. I was dreaming. I was so happy, and now you have awakened me, and I shall never, never dream that dream again."

"Anna, my pet, my child, I did not know you were sleeping so soundly. I did not mean to disturb you. Don't cry, my dear, don't cry!" For she was sobbing and moaning fretfully.

"Don't speak to me, Margaret. Get to rest. Say what you have to say to-morrow. I—I can't understand you now. I am tired, and you have awakened me, and I was dreaming pleasantly, and now my dream is gone!"

She pushed me irritably from her. My heart felt very heavy. It was such a sudden chill after my glow of joy and tenderness! But with the habitual yielding to her, which was common to us all, I rose up from my knees and went to my own bed. "I ought not to have roused her," I said to myself as I lay down. "She was tired and sleepy, and she is such a child!" Once I stretched out my hand to touch her, and as she remained perfectly still I hoped she was sleeping. Gradually I grew drowsy, and my eyes closed, and my ears lost their vigilance, and the sweetness of Horace's smile, as he had held me in his arms that day, with the dancing shadows of the leaves upon his head, faded and faded, and melted away. But all night long, at intervals, I had an uneasy sense of disquietude and restlessness, and a fancy that some one was moving about the room. Once I dreamed that Anna was pacing up and down, her bare feet pattering lightly but distinctly on the polished floor. But when I started, and sat up and looked around, every thing was still, and I could hear no footstep, and the moon had set, and it was very dark.

TO THE BABY.

FUNNY thing a baby is,
Curious little creature;
Funny is its little phiz,
Comic every feature.

Helpless thing a baby is;
Tiny hands uplifting
O'er the troubled tide of life
Into which 'tis drifting.

Mystery a baby is—
Memories of heaven
Still must hover in the soul
Such a short time given.

Solemn thing a baby is,
Since it must inherit
All the loss and gain of life,
All the sin and merit.

Funny, helpless, mystic, sad,
Let me tell you, Freddy,
Half the good and sweet of life,
Is the getting ready.

Yours the sunshine—take it all
While you're weak and tiny,
By-and-by the days that come
May not be so shiny.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

COMMUNI-CABLE.—The difference between the cables of 1865 and 1866 is but slight. The latter has been successfully laid by per-severance—the former was per-severance lost.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.—The performances of the needle-gun throw sewing-machines into the shade when we consider how many Austrian are men-dead by means of it.

A SPARK OF INTELLIGENCE.—It is proposed to give a banquet to those who have so admirably managed the Atlantic Cable. Of course they will have electric currents for their deserts.

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dash'd,
Lay long in bed, while his one shirt was wash'd,
The dame appear'd, and, holding it to view,
Said: "If 'tis wash'd again 'twill wash in two."
"Indeed," cries Bayes; "then wash it, pray, good cousin,
And wash it, if you can, into a dozen."

The man in jail who looked out of the window of his cell and exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present moment," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Faix," says he, "'tis a sort of a half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty aisy after leaving you."

A leather medal having been offered for the worst conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following from several hundred: Why is rascality like a breast of a fowl?—Because it is a *piece of chicane*.

A little boy some six years old was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I am drawing meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Acid of his wife.—She retorted: "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back?"

"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved you will never get a husband."—"Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without attractions."

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

NOT YOUR BUSINESS.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?

If you wish it I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business *why*.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be *your own*.

One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a *pry*.

"TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a thrashing-machine in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offenses into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

Like cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

"Bob," said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."

Jack his own merit sees; this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Rifles to be loaded?—Gun-cotton, of course.

WANTED—A HEART!

I want, ah, me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart
And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
Of man's—nor yet of maid's.
I only want a little one
To trump that trick in spades.

The latest *bon mot* about Bismarck is, that his fate depended not upon a thread, but upon a *needle*.

THE FASTEST THING GOING.—A Hunting Watch.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

The man who makes a business of raising pork for market may be said to live by his pen.

What is the key-note to good-breeding?—B natural.

An English lady advertises, "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

Why is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes-brush?—Because it spoils the *nap*.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

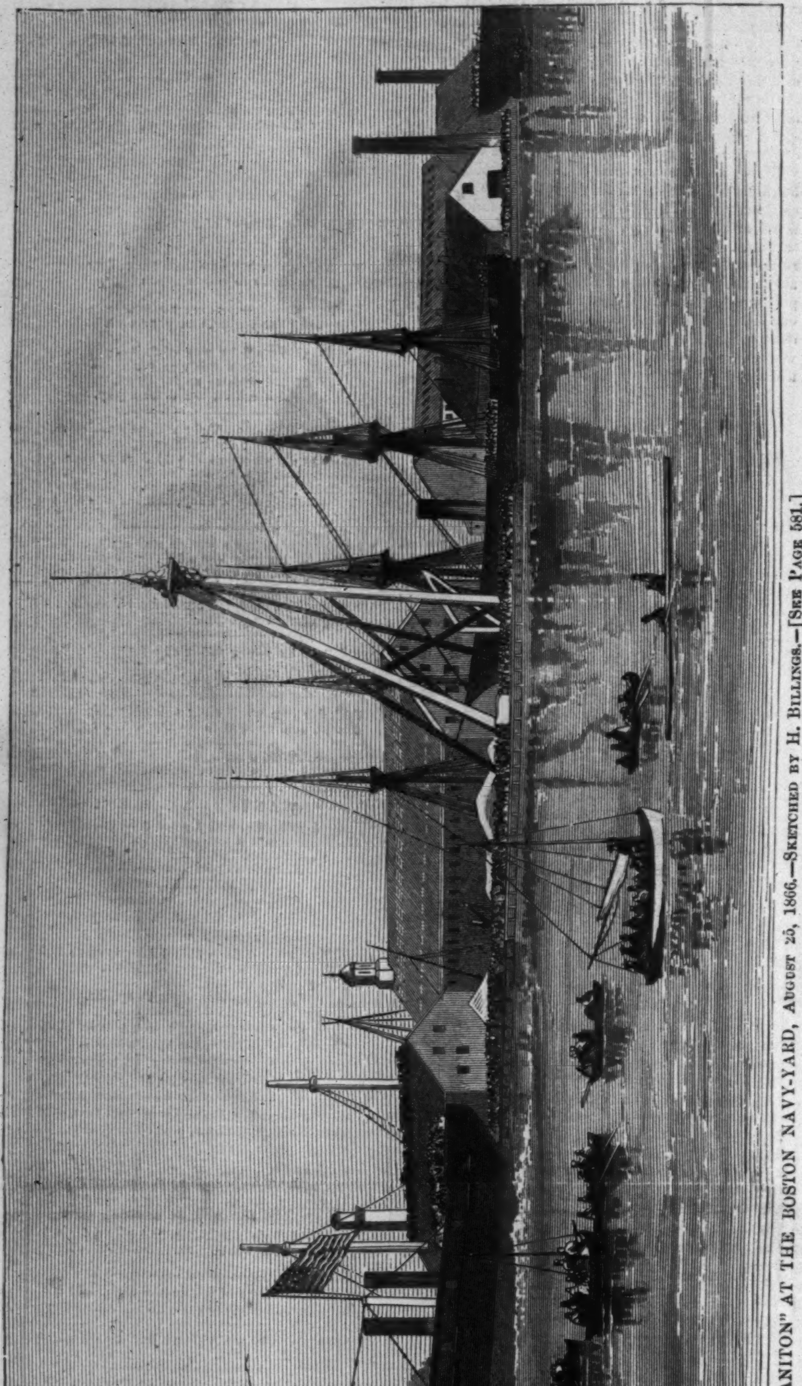
THE PERRUQUIER'S PARADISE.—Wigton.

When does a boy begin bird-keeping?—When he first sets up a (h)owl.

THE CORRECT CARD.

Conceited Party. "AW, I SAY, MUST I, AW, TAKE A TICKET FOR A PUPPY?"

Ticket Clerk (meditatively). "NO! YOU CAN TRAVEL AS AN ORDINARY PASSENGER."



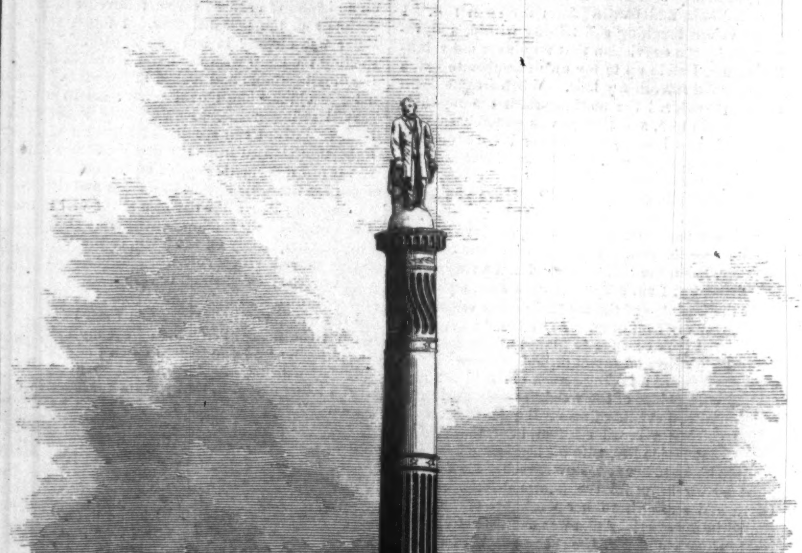
LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "MANITON" AT THE BOSTON NAVY-YARD, AUGUST 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY H. BILLINGS.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

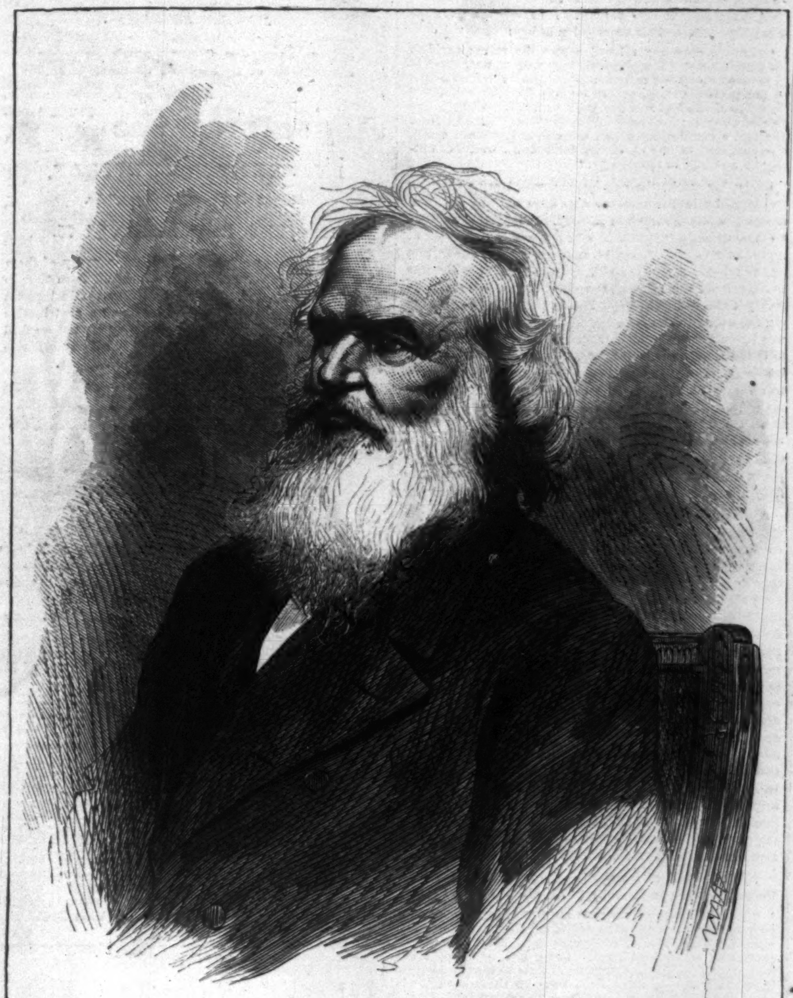
THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE President's tour, which we have illustrated on other pages, was undertaken for the purpose of a participation in the dedication of the Monument to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, erected at Chicago, under the superintendence of L. W. VOLK, and the dedicatory address will be delivered by MR. SEWARD.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated bronze door seen in the engraving will be visible the sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with drooped wings is sitting, a sublime emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.



THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, N. Y.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. & H. T. ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

the base are designed to represent: 1st, Illinois, at the right, holding a medallion portrait of DOUGLAS; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a wheat-sheaf; 3d, History, at the left in the rear, with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-reliefs upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization—more especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified.

Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

SIDE-SHOWS OF THE JOHNSON RECEPTION.

BY OUR INVISIBLE PENCILIST.

IN a mixed assemblage—and there never, surely, was a more mixed one than the crowd that gathered to greet President ANDY JOHNSON on his arrival in New York, on the 29th of August—I find it a mighty convenient thing to be invisible. One advantage of it is that the police can't interfere with me, not even if I "hooray!" before a speaker comes to a sensation point in his speech. Then, some of the Presidential supporters are not of a very mild type of character, and look as if they could make pigeon's meat of a fellow if he sat himself down visibly before them to take their portraits. In fact, as they "wouldn't see me," probably, if they could, I am just as well satisfied that they don't.

On that Wednesday, forever now to be associated with the name of JOHNSON, I am convinced that every inhabitant of New York over the age of four years was actuated by one impulse, and that was to see the President. There was a very general burnishing up of eyeballs and spectacles. At early dawn I saw an elderly gentleman, of apparently regular habits and not much given to excitability, poising and flourishing an enormous telescope, such as might once have belonged to PAUL JONES or some other buccaneer of old. He had green goggles on, and I can fancy that glimpses of the moving panorama of the day, seen through such a telescope and such a medium of color, must have had a very novel and characteristic effect.

Just as the Presidential *cortége* arrived in the City Hall Park, and halted nearly opposite the statue of WASHINGTON, a very singular incident occurred, and one which, I think, has escaped the notice of the reporters. People sometimes dream when they are awake, I believe, and perhaps I might have been dreaming. I had glanced for a moment from the face of Mr. JOHNSON to that of the Father of his Country, near whose statue I was standing, when, as sure as I live, I saw a sudden change come over the stone effigy. The pillar with the ball upon the top of it, on which WASHINGTON rests his left hand, became transformed into the semblance of a small negro, who, hat in hand, grinned impudently, after the manner of his kind, in the direction of the President. At the same moment I saw the stone figure of the great Chief relax from its rigidity and bend slightly to Mr. JOHNSON, waving gracefully its right hand, while it patted playfully the head of the little darkey with its left. Then it uttered, in a deep, sepulchral voice, such as once heard can never be forgotten, the words which I have written at the bottom of the sketch: "I want this fellow-citizen to have a vote." I could see that Mr. JOHNSON was visibly moved at this incident; his lip blanched slightly, and the steel-gray of his hair seemed to assume a more silvery hue.

There was much political discussion in the crowd that surged to and fro on this memorable occasion. Lovely woman was out in all her variety, and the influence exercised by her upon the political feeling of the day must have been obvious to the least observant. It seems about time that lovely woman participated in the right of suffrage. She rules the voter as it is, and she might just as well cast the vote herself. Near me, on one of the ragged selvages of the crowd, there stood a portly lady from Baxter Street, or Mott, balancing a basket upon her head as she held persistently on to the iron railing. The general expression of her face was Fenian, and yet she was gifted with that peculiar style of beauty so much prized by the upper-tendom of our time, namely, black eyes and very red hair. One of her eyes, at least, was very black indeed, suggesting that contact with a skilled set of knuckles must have been the cosmetic by which the hue was obtained. "And that's Andy, then, is it?" said she, in a thick, treacly voice. "Musha, then, bad seran to him, that wouldn't let the b'ys have their fling over in Canada, whin it's meself gev tin dollars to help 'em to h'ist the green above the red!" Some conversation with this interesting person developed the fact that she places the African very low down upon the list of the human family, and does not consider him competent to enjoy the right of suffrage.

Some speculators along Broadway did a little business by setting planks upon the tops of the numerous stacks of bricks by which that thoroughfare is now encumbered. The seats looked very rickety, and were the cause of many inquiries by irreverent persons as to whether they were meant to represent the Copperhead platform. The boys, as usual, were out in great force; and it is a significant fact, foreshadowing, perhaps, the future of these precocious politicians, that there was hardly a post in the city but was occupied by them.

THIS IS THE OLD GENT WHO WAS DETERMINED TO SEE ANDY JOHNSON.

"I WANT THIS FELLOW-CITIZEN TO HAVE A VOTE."

THIS IS THE LADY WHO DOESN'T THINK THE "NAYGUR INTILLIGINT ENOUGH TO VOTE."

THIS YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS INTERESTED IN SEEING THE PRESIDENT, CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE THINKS THAT, SOME DAY, HE MAY BE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE UNITED STATES HIMSELF.

HABIT.

HABIT at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamers that sway
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling o'er its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child, obedient led.
Beware! that thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee 'neath his heel.

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

THE Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, whose death we regret to announce, was born April 6, 1785, in Litchfield, Connecticut. His education was completed in 1804, at Yale College, and in 1805 he became a tutor in the family of Colonel WILLIAM ALLSTON, of North Carolina. In 1809 he returned to Connecticut, where he studied law, and settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He did not succeed as a lawyer, and his mercantile enterprises in Baltimore and Boston were also unfortunate. In 1816 he published "Airs of Palestine," one of his first poems, and subsequently studied in the Harvard Theological School. In 1819 he was ordained minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1835–36 he visited Europe, and published in 1840 an edition of his poems. His persistence in speaking in favor of the temperance reform caused trouble with his congregation, which resulted in a seven years' controversy, when he resigned. In 1855 he accepted the charge of the Unitarian Church in Troy, New York, where he remained four years, and then took charge of the First Congregational Church in Medford, Massachusetts, where he continued to reside till the beginning of the war. Of late Mr. PIERPONT—probably unfitted by age for the active duties of a clergyman, was obliged to accept a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and holding that position died.

JOHN PIERPONT was a good man, and an earnest reformer. He labored actively in behalf of temperance, anti-Slavery, the melioration of prison discipline, and other reforms. But as a poet he will be chiefly remembered. His most important poems were the inspiration of special occasions; one of the longest was read in honor of the centennial celebration at Litchfield, and even "Airs of Palestine," the work which first gave him reputation, was written for recitation at a charity concert. The idea of this poem is the exhibition of the power of music in conjunction with local scenery and national character, mainly referring to the sacred history. His temperance songs, religious and patriotic poems, are numerous, and probably the majority have never been collected. During the war he wrote several noble songs, inspired with passion and energy, and remarkable for one almost an octogenarian. Mr. PIERPONT, who was always strong and healthy, retained much of his power almost up to his death. As an American poet he can not be ranked with the best; the highest imagination was denied him, but some of his religious poetry has rarely been excelled for strength and simplicity.

THE LATE DEAN RICHMOND.

THE Democratic organization of this State lost its leader by the death of DEAN RICHMOND on the 27th ultimo; and it will with great difficulty find another man to take his place.

DEAN RICHMOND, whose portrait is given on page 589, was born at Woodstock, Vermont, March 31, 1804. At fourteen years of age he was left an orphan; and the first steps taken by him in a career which has secured for him great wealth and unusual influence were assisted by no friendly support. The only legacy he received from his parents was one of pecuniary obligation, and we find him at first a clerk, setting apart his savings to cancel his father's debts. Soon after he removed to Syracuse, where he engaged in the salt-boiling business, and in a few years became very successful. His next step was to engage in the commission and forwarding business, by which he gained a fortune which he invested in the purchase of railroad securities, becoming largely interested in several important roads. Western New York was in 1836 a grand field for such energy and foresight as his, and about this time he was made a Director of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad. Upon its consolidation with the Central Road, in 1853, Mr. RICHMOND was elected Vice-President of the Company, and in 1864 succeeded Mr. ERASTUS CORNING as President. His connection with other railroads, though not official, was influential. For many years he had lived in Batavia and acquired great wealth. These are the main facts of his business life; but it was as a politician that he became one of the powers of the State.

In his youth DEAN RICHMOND was a Free-Soil Democrat. In 1844 he opposed the annexation of Texas, and in 1854 he denounced the Nebraska bill. He was always a Democrat, but always inclined to the most liberal phase of Democratic principles. Whatever compromises he made was for the purpose of reconciling the several factions of the party, and thus insuring its success at the polls. He was the organizing will of the party. From 1850 until his death he was Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Since the Charleston Convention he has never seen his party crowned with success. At that Convention he tried hard, but failed, to unite the two sections of the party. At the Chicago Convention of 1864 Mr. RICHMOND was very active, and ardently promoted the nomination of M'CLELLAN. His political course of late is well known. He was one of the three or four men who shaped the action of the Saratoga Convention, and at Philadelphia was consulted equally by the seceders from the Republican party, the Southern delegates, and the Democrats.

DEAN RICHMOND loved politics. He seemed to enjoy the subtle ways of partisan diplomacy. He had no ambition for office; he preferred control over the organization of his party to leadership in the political arena. He was a shrewd political manager, and if the Democratic party had listened to his advice in 1860 it would not have succumbed to the perils which threatened it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A NEW era has dawned. The days have passed when it was sufficient for the young girl to spend a few months at a fashionable boarding-school to gain a smattering of French and a flourish of music as a "*finishing*" before putting her into the marriage market. It has been discovered that women have minds capable of close application and high training. Moreover, it has been discovered that they have physical systems which may be healthily developed by proper culture. And the days have passed—never more to return, we devoutly hope—when a staid walk of half an hour daily was regarded as ample outdoor exercise for the school-girl.

It is a significant fact that the Vassar Female College, recently opened at Poughkeepsie, not only affords excellent facilities for a thorough, systematic course of instruction, including the various accomplishments of music, painting, etc., but also that there is in connection with the College a riding-school and stable-room for twenty-four horses; thus giving to the young ladies unusual opportunity for equestrian practice. There is also a gymnasium, conducted on the system of Dio Lewis; and it is projected to have a swimming-school at one end of a lake in the vicinity. All over the country gymnastics are being introduced into young ladies' schools, and various means are adopted to encourage more vigorous outdoor exercise.

There certainly is no reason why American girls should not follow the example of their "Transatlantic cousins," and participate, with a moderate degree of freedom, in the sports and recreations of their brothers. Nor is there any thing "masculine" in a woman being physically as well as mentally educated, and knowing how to ride, and row, and swim, and play croquet with skill and activity.

Just now croquet is greatly commended as a health-giving game. Its principal good point seems to be that it keeps the players in the open air. The active exercise it affords does not amount to much, and it involves a good deal of stooping which can not be advantageous. Very few women know how to swim; and, considering how easily the art is acquired, and how useful it may be in practice, it is surprising that it is not more frequently taught. It may be said that the means of teaching it are not always easy of access; but these could be often provided if it were desired, and swimming would be a valuable addition to any system of physical education. Rowing is an excellent recreation, though as yet but little practiced among ladies. But surely there is no recreation more delightful. How beautiful is the picture Scott gives of Ellen Douglas as she,

"Alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore;"

or, when springing up at the sound of her father's bugle,

"Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side.'
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay."

Archery has been introduced somewhat into our gymnasiums; but, to be fully advantageous, should be practiced out of doors; and as it requires considerable space of ground, and rather expensive appliances, these are not always at command. Yet the exercise is good, and requires great skill and exactness. Horseback riding, of course, stands pre-eminent among the physical recreations pleasant and suitable for ladies; but comparatively few have the necessary facilities. And simple walking is usually practiced as a kind of melancholy duty. A walk, without a definite and interesting object in view, is seldom beneficial. Young ladies should be especially encouraged to abandon their spiritless walks, and take up enthusiastically some cheerful exercise in the open air.

The rebuilding of the Academy of Music is steadily progressing; and it is said that it will be ready for occupation about the first of February next. The plan followed in the new building is essentially the same as in the old house, but more attention will be paid to the acoustic qualities, and the seats will be so arranged as to offer a full view of the stage from all parts of the house. The amphitheatre will be partly removed, and the entire house will be made much more solid than the old one.

Is there no law, "human or divine," that can put an end to the perpetual and disgraceful difficulties arising in connection with our city railroad cars? Must the public be served in such an unjust, uncomfortable, and unsafe way? Why must an entire community be thus constantly annoyed? There is a great mistake *somewhere*, that affairs are allowed to go on for a single day as they have been for *weeks*. Would such management be suffered for an hour in Paris? It makes us almost ready to pray, as did the Children of Israel, "Give us a King!"

A new kind of pavement, called the "*Nicholson*," is to be laid in Nassau Street, between Pine and Wall, as an experiment. This pavement has been used in some of the large Western cities with great success. The chief peculiarities of this pavement, it is claimed, are, that it furnishes a road like one of gravel; that the passage of vehicles over it makes very little noise, and that it is not easily destroyed or injured.

A little boy living in Orleans, New York, recently threw up, while coughing, the porcelain leg of a doll, an inch in length, which had been in the lungs of the child for seven years. He had been ailing all the time, and was regarded as a victim of consumption. All along the lad said he felt something in his lungs that ought to come up. Now that it has he feels quite comfortable, and it is thought that he will get well. Parents would do well to provide moderately digestible food for their children!

At one hotel in Newport—we omit the name, and as we do not wish any landlord to sue us for spreading such a damaging report, we will prefix to our item the convenient "*they say*"—they say the regular charges are ten dollars a day. We wonder in what the *extras* consist. When Joseph Bonaparte first visited America, he stopped on one occasion at a hotel where he was well entertained. But when the landlord made out his bill, he put in every item he could think of; yet he did not think that the total was large enough for an ex-monarch to pay. So he reviewed the bill, and added a few more items. Yet still it did not seem enough. Then he added one more—"To kicking up an infernal fuss generally, fifty dollars." It must be that landlords nowadays add similar items (under *cover*, of course) to make the grand total of their bills.

An "old salt," who has finished his voyages, and is "resting upon his oars" at one of our most fashionable watering-places, recently invaded the ball-room and got a peep at the belle of the evening. He afterward gave the following characteristic description of her:

"She was crowding all sail across the room; couldn't see whether she was a good-looking craft or not, she was so covered up by her canvas and things. She had a spot on her port-side and another on her starboard-side, and looked as if she had run her head into a flour-barrel, and carried away as much as would make biscuit for all hands. She had a chain-cable which went over her main truck, was shackled to her ear-rings, came down over her outriggers and laid in amid-ships."

Every few weeks the newspapers report some singular and fearful injury inflicted by rats upon sleeping children. A case recently occurred in Albany. A lady who had two infants, twins, a few months old, put one into the crib at night, and the other, not being very well, she took into her own bed. About two o'clock in the morning she was awakened by the cries of the child in the crib, and to pacify it she took it into her bed, at the same time changing the other to the crib. About half an hour after she was again awakened by the child in the crib, and on going to it felt that its night-clothes, about one of the sleeves, were wet. Procuring a light she discovered that the sleeve was saturated with blood, and on further investigation found that its little arm had been lacerated and gnawed in a shocking manner by rats. Turning to the other child, whose cries, while he was lying in the crib, had first awakened her, she saw that it, too, had suffered about the temple in a similar manner. Mothers can not look too carefully after their little ones if rats infest the house.

A singular story is reported in a Southern paper respecting a dwelling-house in Pike County, Missouri. According to this sensation story, fires, of unknown and mysterious origin, occur daily, and sometimes hourly, in this dwelling. Numerous individuals, eager to investigate the cause, have kept careful watch in the building, but with no success. Sometimes the mosquito bars are discovered on fire, but the flame is no sooner quenched than fire breaks out in the chamber among the wearing apparel. Extinguish the fire in the chamber, and an alarm is given in another part of the house where least expected. Flames burst out in the bedding, curtains, dresses, etc., during the day, but at night there are no disturbances. On one occasion the investigating committee marked a match, placed it into the box securely covered, placed the box on the table and guarded it closely for a few moments, till the next alarm was raised, when they found, to their utter amazement, a portion of the identical match which they had marked lying near a burning garment in another part of the house. This is the report, which we give for what it is worth.

"The Queen," under the heading, "Influence of Muslin and Flounce on Mortality," has the following item:

"The influence of costume on mortality is shown in a very instructive manner by one of the Registrar-General's reports. Thus, from 1 to 5 years there is an equality of deaths by scalds and burns among boys and girls; but from 5 to 10 double the number of girls to that of boys die from these causes, while from 10 to 20 there die 102 women, and only 27 men—and from 20 and upward, 71 women and 22 men; showing the influence of muslin and flounce in producing death notwithstanding the greater caution of the female sex."

We should think that "Influence of Occupation on Mortality," would be an equally appropriate heading to the above paragraph. Girls and women, in their domestic avocations, are exposed to accidents from fire so much more than the other sex are, that no correct comparison in regard to the number of deaths from this cause can be made simply on the ground of dress.

Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, gives an incident which can not but shock the feelings of Americans. He says:

"Alongside of that prodigious new Opera House they are building in the Kärnthnerstrasse, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately *I counted a hundred and fifty women at work there*—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge bucket-boots, their features worn, furrowed, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

A philanthropic gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bug from the bonnet of a lady who sat near him at a public concert. The result was he unrooted the whole of her back hair. Deeply chagrined he hastily apologized, but soon learned that the bug was of the ivory species, and was employed to hold the head and hair together.

"Important auxiliary to a lady's toilet."—BURNETT's Toilet Sets, for sale by all druggists.—*Washington Chronicle.*

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

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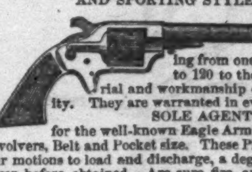

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A MAGNIFICENT LYRIC TEMPLE

In that city, which, in design, ornamentation, and grand proportion, should excel any similar edifice in the country, and thereby foster and advance a taste in the West for the most humanizing of arts.

How, unaided and alone, he carried out to a successful issue this stupendous scheme, is now a matter of history. While the lyric temples of the great cities of the East were each represented by five or six hundred stockholders, Mr. PIKE constituted the one-man power in giving the city of his adoption a temple devoted to HIGH ART, superior to any upon the continent; and the *impressari* of Italian Opera had not, in his Opera-House, to experience the unpleasant conviction that from five to six hundred of the most eligible seats were nightly occupied by "dead-heads."

Extending his business connection with the great metropolitan city of New York, Mr. PIKE grasped and prepared to carry out another gigantic plan, in the construction of an Opera-House which, in architectural beauty and grandeur of design, will eclipse every similar edifice upon the American continent. With this view he purchased the property on the CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND THE EIGHTH AVENUE, one of the best and most available sites in the city of New York.

In the month of March, 1866, the magnificent edifice in Cincinnati fell a prey to the devouring fire-fiend, while the indomitable proprietor looked on and calmly smoked his cigar as a million of dollars' worth of property, upon which there was but a trifle of insurance, was wrested from his grasp. Undismayed by this terrible financial disaster, Mr. PIKE, with the celerity which has ever marked the carrying out of an idea, is now engaged in erecting a Merchants' Exchange upon the ruins of the Opera-House, reserving for New York the benefit of his great musical enterprise. In a spirit of admiration of his unconquerable energy, a Company has been started under the title of

Pike's New York Opera-House Association for the Encouragement of Art.

With this view, the Association proposes (among other objects) to give a series of

GRAND OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENTS IN MOST OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

For which they will issue tickets at the uniform price of THREE DOLLARS each, which will admit the holder to any one of the series of Entertainments, and also entitle him to a participation in the final AWARD OF PREMIUMS, as hereafter specified. These Grand Operatic Seances will be given under the sole management of the celebrated Italian *Impressario*,

MAX STRAKOSCH,

whose great reputation as a Musical Virtuoso and Operatic Director is a sufficient guarantee of the high-toned order of the Entertainments. The highest lyric talent of Europe and America has been secured, consisting of the following distinguished Artists: Mademoiselle PAULINE PLODOWSKI, late principal *Donna Soprano* of the celebrated La Scala, Milan, and of the principal European opera houses—her first appearance in America. Mademoiselle FRIDA DE GEBELE, the brilliant Italian *Cantatrice*, late *Prima Donna Contralto* of Grover's Opera Troupe. Herr KARL FORMES, the world-renowned *Basso Profundo*, and magnificent lyric dramatic artist. GUISEPPE LIMBERTI, principal *Tenore* from the grand operas of Milan, Rome, Vienna, Naples, Turin, and St. Petersburg. J. M. WEHLI, the famous Pianist, and successor of Thalberg. CARLO PATTI, the eminent and incomparable Violinist. Mons. BEHREINES, the distinguished and accomplished *Maestro*, will preside at the pianoforte.

The inauguration of this Grand Series of Operatic Entertainments will take place in New York, at the

Cooper Institute, on Monday, October 1, 1866,

And will be continued as follows, the Halls, Institutes, and Academies of the various cities to be specified in future advertisements:

NEWARK, N. J., Tuesday, October 2.
BALTIMORE, Wednesday and Thursday, October 3, 4.
PHILADELPHIA, Friday and Saturday, October, 5, 6.
PITTSBURG, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 8, 9, 10.
WHEELING, Thursday, October 11.
ZANESVILLE, Friday, October 12.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Saturday, October 13.
CINCINNATI, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 15, 16, 17.
DAYTON, Thursday, October 18.
INDIANAPOLIS, Friday, October 19.
LOUISVILLE, Saturday, October 20.
ST. LOUIS, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 22, 23, 24.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Thursday, October 25.
CHICAGO, Friday and Saturday, October 26, 27.
DETROIT, Monday, October 29.
TOLEDO, Tuesday, October 30.
CLEVELAND, Wednesday, October 31.
BUFFALO, Thursday and Friday, November 1, 2.
ROCHESTER, Saturday, November 3.
SYRACUSE, Monday, November 5.
UTICA, Tuesday, November 6.
TROY, Wednesday, November 7.
ALBANY, Thursday, November 8.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Friday, November 9.
WORCESTER, Saturday, November 10.
MANCHESTER, Monday, November 12.
CONCORD, N. H., Tuesday, November 13.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Wednesday, November 14.
BOSTON, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, November 15, 16, 17.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Monday, November 19.
HARTFORD, Conn., Tuesday, November 20.
BROOKLYN, L. I., Wednesday, November 21.

Which will conclude the Grand Tour; after which the Troupe will return to NEW YORK, and give their

Grand Final Performances on the Evenings of December 28th, 29th, and 31st.

And at the closing Entertainment the Association, by a Committee representing the interests of the ticket-holders, will distribute to the subscribers throughout the entire country the Awards—the large number of which are unprecedented in the annals of such distributions, embracing the extraordinary proportion of ONE PREMIUM FOR TWO TICKETS, which will include the following gigantic scheme:

200,000 Tickets of Admission to Pike's New York Opera-House,

Which will be received at any time within two years after its completion.

$350,000 IN CASH!

And a further distribution of $500,000 in MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS AND CHOICE ENGRAVINGS, which, as will be seen by the Schedule, are the works of the most eminent EUROPEAN and AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The number of tickets has been limited to 500,000, and every ticket-holder will receive some article as a Premium, varying in value from $3 to $50,000. In this connection, the Managers have arranged to present to each purchaser of a ticket a FINE STEEL ENGRAVING, which can not be obtained at retail at less than $5—the following plates and copyrights having been secured for the exclusive use of this Association:

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE, from the original painting by Ehninger. Engraved by G. R. Hall. Size, 24 by 32.

SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, from the original painting in the possession of the late Major-General Phil. Kearney. Engraved by G. E. Perine. Size, 24 by 36.

WASHINGTON'S LAST IMTERVIEW WITH HIS MOTHER, a beautiful engraving by Duthie, from the original painting.

SAVED, a magnificent steel engraving, by Samuel Holyer, from the original painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Cost $10.

For five shares or certificates the purchaser will, at his option, in lieu of the previously-named engravings, receive a splendid Chromo Lithograph: A BEVY OF QUAIL, from the original, by Hill.

For ten shares or certificates a beautiful Chromo Engraving of LAKE MAGGIORE, from the celebrated original painting by Rowbotham.

For fifteen shares or certificates the purchaser can select from the following superb Chromo Engravings: FORGE IN WINTER, from the original painting of Zimmerman; MY FIRST SERMON, steel engraving, from the original, by Hilais; QUAIL AND THEIR YOUNG, from the original of the celebrated Tait; WOODCOCK AND THEIR YOUNG, also from the great original picture by Tait.

For thirty shares or certificates either of the following Chromo Engravings will be given or forwarded, each being valued at the price of the shares: THE WATZMAN, from the renowned original painting of C. Milner; THE DACHSTEIN, from the great original of the same author.

The following is the list of the principal awards:

One Grand Premium in Cash	$50,000	152 Premiums, of $100 each..................	$15,200
One Grand Premium in Cash..................	20,000	208 Premiums, of $25 each..................	5,200
One Grand Premium in Cash..................	10,000	400 Premiums, of $50 each..................	20,000
Three Grand Premiums in Cash, of $5000 each ..	15,000	3000 Premiums, of $10 each..................	30,000
Ten Grand Premiums in Cash, of $1000 each....	10,000	8000 Premiums, of $5 each..................	40,000
Forty Grand Premiums in Cash, of $500 each....	20,000	38,200 Premiums, of $3 each..................	114,600

Making a Grand Total in Cash Premiums of $350,000.

The following list of MAGNIFICENT OIL PAINTINGS are classed at the head of the

GRAND ART DISTRIBUTION:

THE JUNGFRAU AND THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN. A magnificent painting, 58 by 90, by J. Butler. Valued at $5000.

YO SEMITE VALLEY. A brilliant and life-like representation, 6 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, by Thomas Hill. Valued at $5000.

GREEK IDYL. An exquisite work of art, by Brun, 5 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 8 inches. Valued at $2500.

CATTLE MARKET. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 5 feet 8 inches by 6 feet. Valued at $2400.

THE LOST SCENT. A superb painting, by J. H. Beard, the American Landseer, 5 feet by 4 feet. Acknowledged to be the finest picture of the kind in America. Cost the Association $1500.

GUARDING THE PRISONERS. A characteristic gem, by the same author. Cost $275.

CATTLE AND SHIPPING. An admirable work, by the celebrated Backhuysen, 67 by 53 inches. Valued at $1700.

THE FALLS OF THE INN, by Scheiss, 58 by 74. Valued at $1700.

THE LAKE LUZERNE. One of the finest works of the celebrated Jungheim, 56 by 72. Valued at $2500.

HERD OF SHEEP, by Van Lamputten, 44 by 36. Valued at $700.

VIRGIN OF MADRID. A genuine Murillo, and a gem of art, 41 by 49. Valued at $3000.

SHETLAND PONIES, by the celebrated Morris, 45 by 65. Valued at $600.

PENITENT MAGDALEN, by Battoni, 5 feet 3 inches by 4 feet 2 inches. Placed low at $2000.

FARM-YARD SCENE, with Bull in Foreground. A superb painting, by Van Marcke, 50 by 67. Value $2000.

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES, 51 by 66, by Minor, and the *chef d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. Value, $5000.

REBECCA AT THE WELL. A veritable gem, 48½ by 61, by the celebrated Brun.

A FOREST IN WINTER TIME, with a Fox in the Foreground, 55 by 50, by Jacobsen. Value, $2250.

THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ, SWITZERLAND. A *chef d'œuvre*, by Joseph Bueltle, 47½ by 63½. Valued at $250.

TWO PAINTINGS, representing Cattle and Marine View, 26½ by 32 each, gems of the Dutch school, by Koniagh. Value, $900.

CATTLE SCENE, 27½ by 19, by Gregor. Value, $250.

A MAGNIFICENT PAINTING OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT POTSDAM, PRUSSIA. One of the finest works of the celebrated R. S. Zimmerman. Purchased for $3000.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. One of the finest works of the famous Otto Georgé, 63 by 92. Value, $3500.

A veritable gem, 48½ by 39, by Geldsberg, after the celebrated Lessing, representing JOHN HUSS BEFORE THE CLERICAL COUNCIL AT CONSTANCE IN 1417. Valued at $750.

Another beautiful painting, 43½ by 50, by the same master—MOZART AT THE PIANO. Price, $700.

A magnificent painting, by C. Millner—SUNSET IN THE TYROLESE MOUNTAINS, 69 by 61. Valued at $2000.

THE SACRED SHEPHERD. A magnificent Italian work, 60 by 54, very old, bought from the collection of the Honorable Francis Thurston, England. Valued by connoisseurs at $3000.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE ELDER. Another antique Italian work, 60 by 54, purchased at the same time from the same collection. Valued at $5000.

A beautiful Italian Painting, very old, by an unknown master—RINALDO AND ARMIDA, from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," 36 by 42. Valued at $1000.

THE DUTCH MERRY-MAKING. An original by Van Dozen, 34 by 44. Valued at $700.

WINDSOR CASTLE. A superb painting, by Duncan, 32 by 40. Valued at $500.

CLEOPATRA AND THE ASP. A brilliant Italian painting, author unknown; a gem of art, 34 by 40. Cost $500.

SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS, with Sheep and Cattle. Ode of the celebrated Landseer's early productions, 36 by 42. Valued at $1000.

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY, by the celebrated Sir Thomas Lawrence, 30 by 32. Value, $500.

THE COURT OF VERSAILLES, by Steneike, 42 by 50. A superior work. Cost $800.

WINTER SCENE—THE FIRST SNOW. 20 by 32. Valued at $275.

SCENE ON THE HOUSATONIC RIVER. 17 by 18. Value, $250.

WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE PRESENT TIME, with Portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. 31 by 26. Valued at $120.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR. 33 by 27. Value, $120.

THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE. In walnut and goln. 32 by 37. $100.

LUTHER BURNING THE PAPAL BULL IN WITTENBERG. 34 by 44. $100.

LUTHER NAILING HIS PROTEST AT THE CHURCH DOOR. 33 by 44. $75.

BEATRICE CENCI and EVANGELINE. Two fine paintings. 20 by 24. $60 each.

FIFTY-EIGHT FINE ENGRANINGS, in handsome frames, which will constitute a portion of the GRAND ART DISTRIBTTION, and from day to day choice paintings in oil and otherwise will be added to the collection.

Parties ordering fifteen dollars' worth of tickets, or over, at one time, will be allowed a commission of ten per cent. on the same. They can remit us the amount, less above commission.

Money by express, draft, post-office orders, in registered letters, can be sent at the risk of the Association.

In all cases where engravings are to be forwarded by mail ten cents extra must be sent for tubing, and also stamps for return postage on tickets or communications. Competent General Agents wanted in all the principal cities, to whom liberal commission will be allowed. Good references required.

☞ Communications should be addressed to the Secretary of PIKE'S NEW YORK OPERA-HOUSE ASSOCIATION. Principal Office, No. 627 Broadway, New York.

FRED. HUNT, General Manager.
J. J. DE HAN, Secretary.
MAX STRAKOSCH, Musical Director.